

THE QUEEN OF THE LADIES' MAGAZINES!
SEPTEMBER 1872.

1872.



TERMS.—\$2.00 A YEAR.

GEORGE W. JACKSON'S ICE CREAM and DINING ROOMS, For Ladies and Gentlemen, 19 South Eighth St, below Market, Philada.

Contents of Home Magazine, September, 1872.

MUSIC—Serenade from Don Pasquale.....	Page 133
TWO MEN. By MARY E. COMSTOCK.....	135
CAERPHILLY CASTLE. By C.....	142
A BABY IN THE HOUSE. By ELLA WHEELER.....	142
"AND YE WOULD NOT." By RICHMOND. (Illustrated.).....	146
A DAY IN THE HOSPITAL. By Mrs. A. W. L. GLEN.....	147
THE STRANGE TEXT. By GEORGE MACDONALD.....	149
SWEEP BEFORE YOUR OWN DOOR.....	158
CONSERVATION OF ART.....	158
SPONGE. (Illustrated.).....	159
THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL. By HESTER A. BENEDICT.....	160
SIX IN ALL. By VIRGINIA F. TOWSEND.....	163
OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS. By PIPER-SWAY POTTS.....	166
RESPECT FOR WOMANHOOD.....	173
MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT:	
Comforted; by the Author of "Talks with a Child."—How to Put Children to Bed.....	174
EVENINGS WITH THE POETS:	
We Reap what we Sow—My Darlings; by Alice Cary—Just Put Yourself in His Place.....	176
TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.	
Fashions for September.....	177
HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT:	
Prudent Housewifery—Receipts.....	178
CURRENT LITERATURE.....	179
EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.....	180
ADVERTISERS' DEPARTMENT.....	183

ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. The Lovers.
2. Moonlight.
3. Walking Costume.

4. Revers Collar and Cuffs—Bow for the Hair of Ribbon and Flowers—Collar Bow of Silk Raps and Velvet.

HOW TO CURE CONSUMPTION,

BY
SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,
AND
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS.

Dr. Schenck's medicines effect their great cures in the following manner: The first thing essential is to cleanse the stomach and bowels of all diseased mucus and slime which is clogging these organs, and then rouse up the liver and restore it to a healthy condition. The only remedy free from mercury or any poisonous ingredient is Schenck's Mandrake Pills. They will cleanse the stomach and bowels of all the morbid slime that is causing decay in the whole system. They will cleanse the liver of all the diseased bile that is there, and rouse it up to a healthy action, so that natural and healthy bile will be secreted.

The stomach, bowels, and liver are thus cleansed by the use of Schenck's Mandrake Pills, and now there is in the stomach an excess of acid, the appetite is poor, and the stomach weak. In the bowels the lacteals are feeble and require to be strengthened, the person feels debilitated. In a condition like this, Schenck's Seaweed Tonic is the best remedy ever discovered. It is alkaline, and its use will neutralize the excess of acid, making the stomach sweet and fresh. It will give permanent tone to this organ, create a good, hearty appetite, prepare the system for a good digestion, and make good, healthy, and nutritious blood. After this treatment all that remains to cure consumption is the free and persevering use of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup.

The Pulmonic Syrup nourishes the system, purifies the blood, and is readily absorbed into the circulation, and thence carried to the diseased Lungs. There it ripens all diseased matters, whether in the form of tubercles or abscesses, and then assists nature when this matter ripens to expel it by free expectoration. It is thus, by the great healing and purifying properties of Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup that all ulcers and cavities are healed up soundly, and the person restored to health, and this treatment is the only one that will cure Consumption.

These medicines are prepared only by J. H. SCHENCK & SON, at their new building, N. E. corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, and are kept for sale by all Druggists in the United States and Europe.

On Saturday of each week Dr. SCHENCK, or his son, Dr. J. H. SCHENCK, Jr., can be consulted at their office, N. E. corner Sixth and Arch Streets, and can have their Lungs examined by the Respirometer invented by Dr. SCHENCK.

Full directions accompany all these medicines, so that a person in any part of the world can readily be cured by an observance of the same.

DR. J. H. SCHENCK & SON.

Price of the Pulmonic Syrup and Seaweed Tonic, \$1.25 per bottle, or \$7 per half dozen. Mandrake Pills, 25 cents per box.



PAPOMA

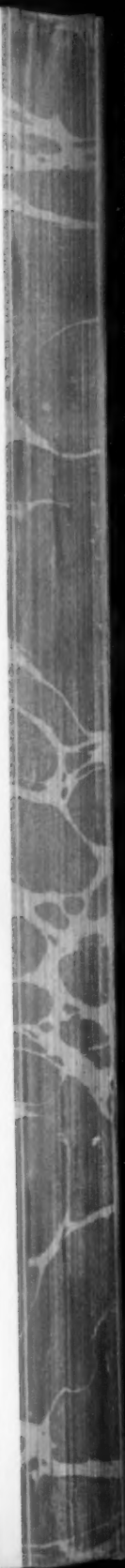
Is prepared by a process of torrefication from the choicest wheat, using the entire kernel, and is especially designed for infants and invalids. It possesses all the requisite elements necessary to nurture, strengthen, and promote a vigorous and healthy growth in children, and to restore and sustain the exhausted vitality of the sick and debilitated. It is delicious and palatable when no other diet is relished or desired. Eminent physicians highly approve and regard it as much superior to all other farinaceous preparations. It may truthfully be claimed as a substitute for nature's own food to infants, a fact which all mothers, and those rearing children, should remember. It is invaluable in the family and in the hospital, and none can afford to be without it.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY THE

NUTRIO MANUFACTURING CO.,

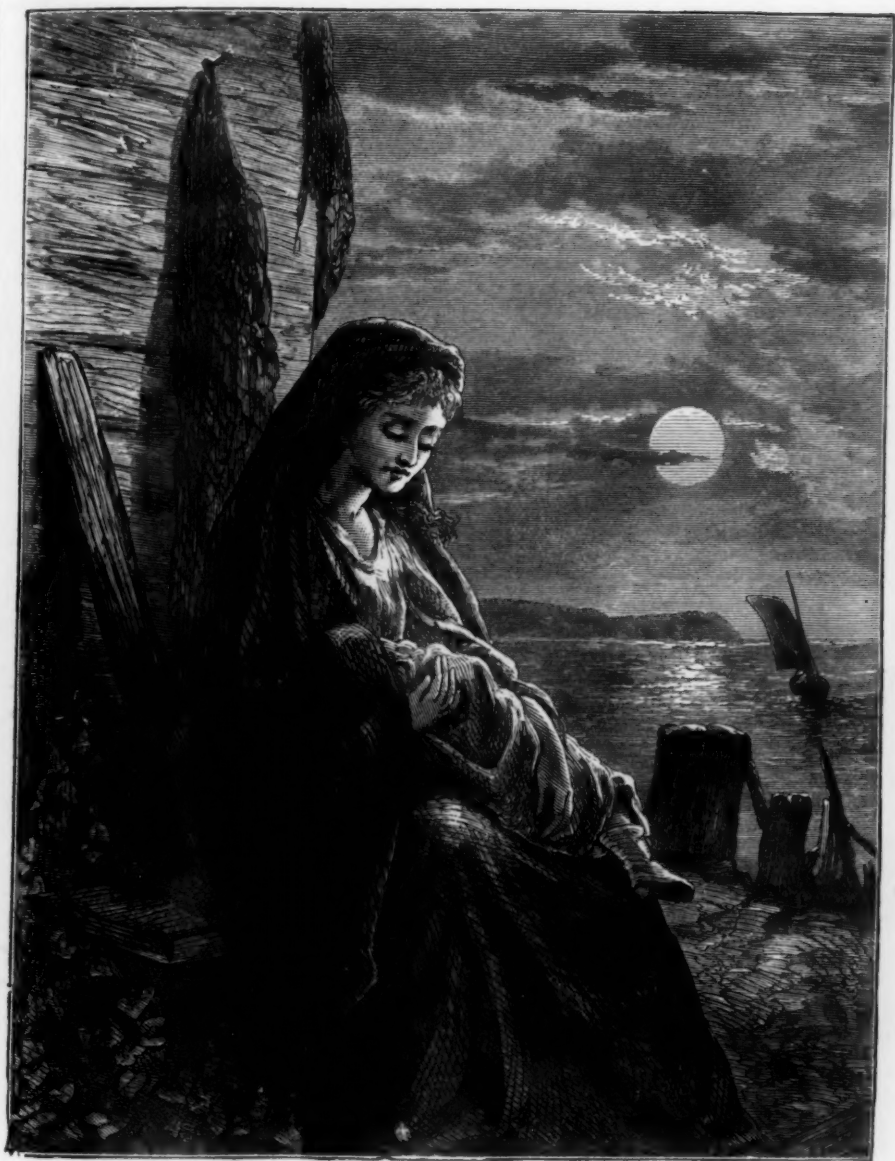
1520 South Ninth Street,

PHILADELPHIA.





THE LOVERS.



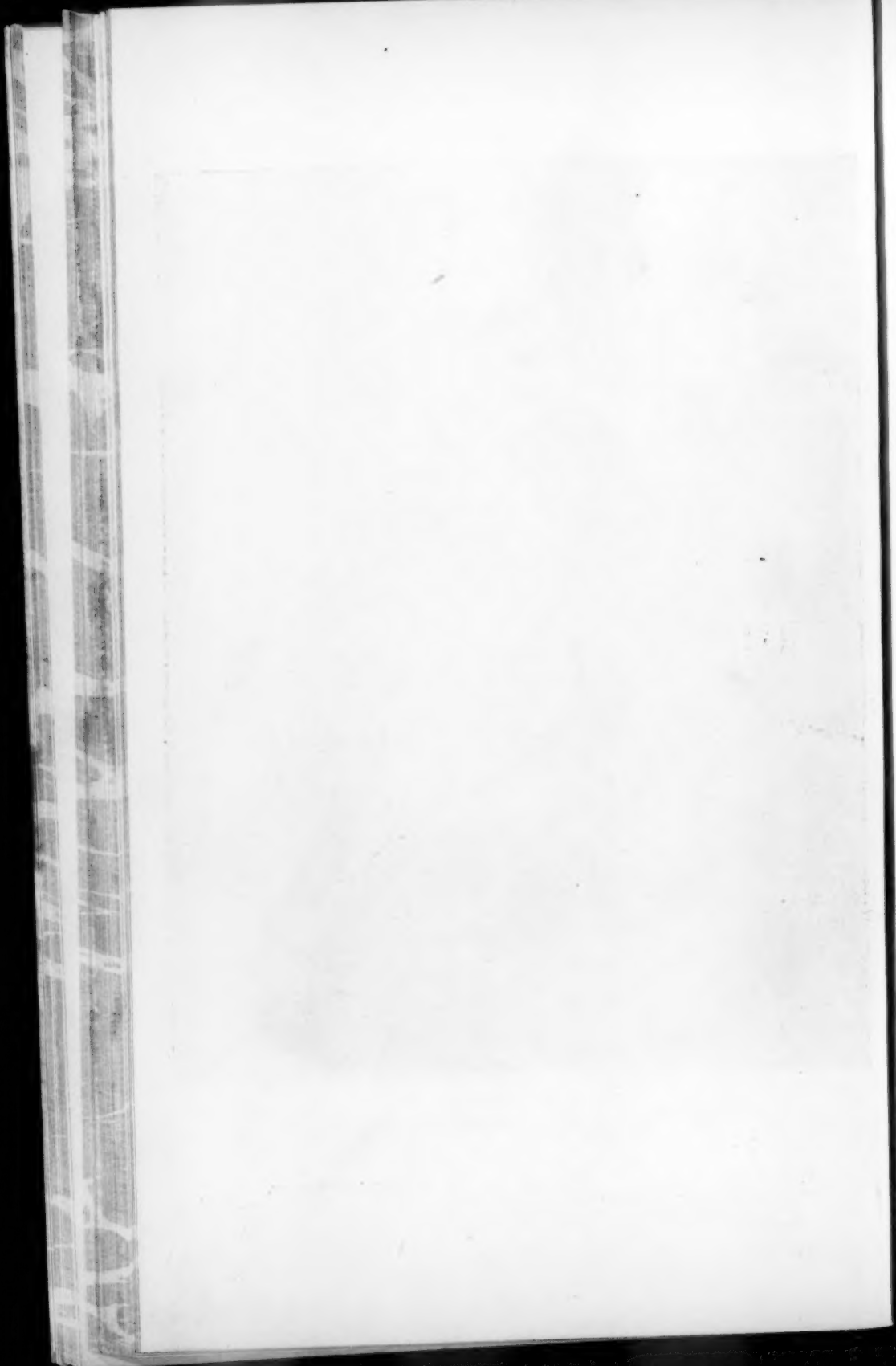
MOONLIGHT.

Up the sky in silence holy
Comes the full moon slowly, slowly,
Softly with her light divine,
Filling, like a cup with wine.

And again I wander nightly,
When the radiance, falling whitely

All across the sleeping bay,
Builds a broad and shining way.

But the scene, so dreamy, tender,
Loses half its mystic splendor,
Since upon the shining shore
Thou wilt walk with me no more.



a p
Ch
bo
pla
ove
sui
fin
qu

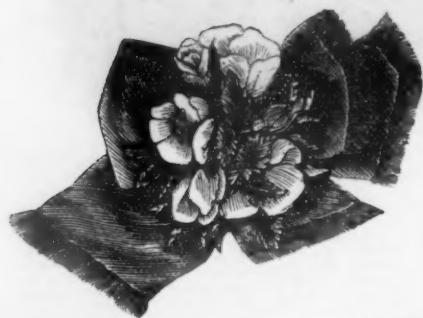


WALKING COSTUME.

The material of the overdress or polonaise is black grenadine, closely belted to the figure, with sleeves of a piece with the skirt. Rounded postillion basque, beneath which the sash ends are placed. Trimming of Chantilly lace, insertion, and embroidery. This garment is worn over a blue silk dress, with a plain, high bodice and close-fitting coat sleeves. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce twelve inches deep, double box-plaited in clusters, and fastened with small bows. Four yards of wide grenadine are required to make this overdress, and sixteen yards of silk the skirt. Colored grenadine, Chambéry, or Organdy muslin, are equally suitable for this garment. The hair is arranged in small curls upon the forehead, and is ornamented with fine flowers. The chignon is composed of full puffs, forming a bow, and terminating in loose waves, falling quite low on the neck. The bow is fastened with a handsome tortoise-shell comb.



REVERS COLLAR AND CUFFS.



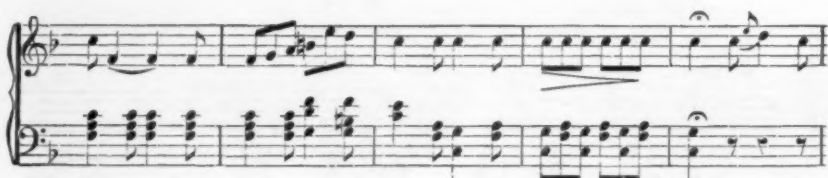
BOW FOR THE HAIR OF RIBBON AND FLOWERS. COLLAR BOW OF SILK REPS AND VELVET.

Music selected by J. A. GETZE.

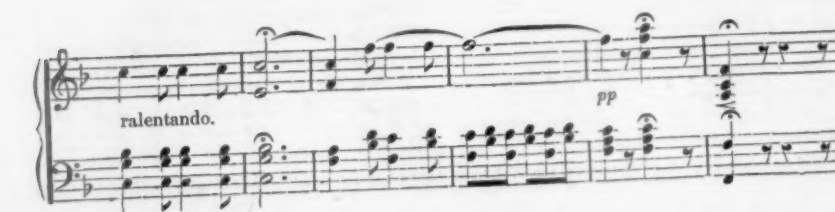
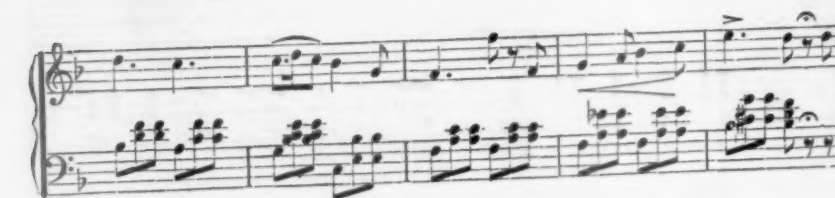
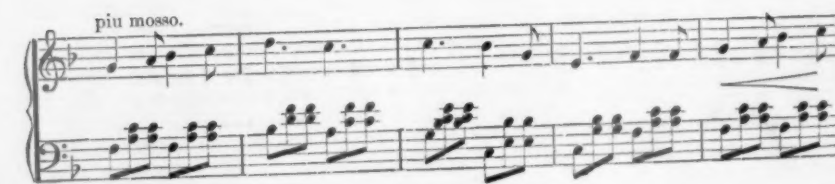
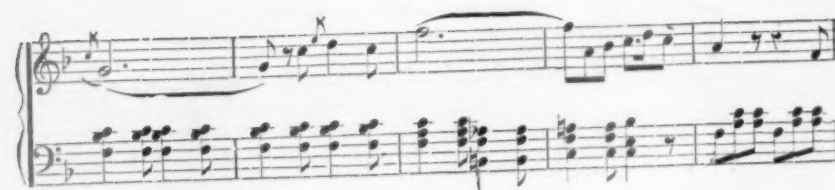
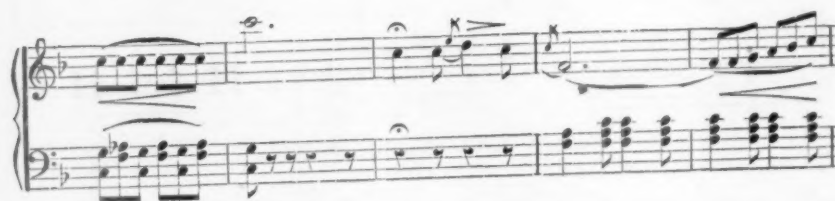
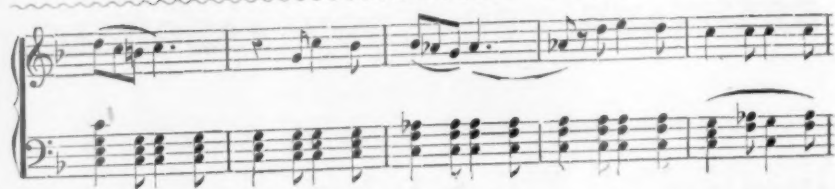
SERENADE FROM DON PASQUALE.

ARRANGED BY M. H. CROSS.

Furnished by F. A. NORTH & CO., 1026 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



[Entered according to Act of Congress, A. D. 1856, by G. ANDRE & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]



ARTHUR'S LADY'S HOME MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1872.

TWO MEN.

BY MARY E. COMSTOCK.

THERE was a boy who resolved to be a rich man. His name was Stephen Herriford.

"Rich men have ease and honor. They can gratify every want. Riches are power. I will be rich."

Stephen Herriford said this standing with Joseph Hinton under the chestnut-tree. Judge Thorp had just passed in a handsome carriage drawn by matched bays.

"Judge Thorp is a rich man," said Joseph Hinton; and the two boys talked of the advantages of the rich over the poor.

"I will be a rich man, too," said Jo. "Let us begin together."

I have not space to tell you of the chestnuts gathered and sold, the poultry raised, the brook trout caught in the long summer mornings for the money they would bring, and the many other ways in which the sums were gathered which each determined should be the foundation of a colossal fortune.

Side by side in the same village these two boys worked through their youth, and with much the same means and varied success. Each knew all the transactions of the other. Each relied on the other in emergencies; and they took counsel together in doubtful cases.

At length, in early manhood, circumstances took them from the homes of their youth. They became widely separated. After a letter or two they heard no more from each other. Neither of these men held a ready pen.

"I wonder how Jo is getting along?" Stephen used to say occasionally.

"I would like to know how the world goes with Stephen!" Jo many a time remarked; but distance was great between them, and they

met no mutual friends who had learned aught of either.

When upwards of half a century had passed since these friends had parted in early manhood, an old man, hale and hearty, with bright eye, white, abundant hair, and expression of great benignity, stepped from a newly-arrived steamer on to the pier of one of our large cities. His step was quick, his air that of a man who has something to do; and yet had you lost your way, or wanted information, there was not a man in all that crowd that you would so willingly have asked it of as of this man. A little child would probably have told you that he smiled. He did not smile, but there was a light on his face that was better than most people's smiles.

Late in the afternoon this man entered one of the handsomest streets in the city. He noted eagerly the numbers of the houses, and once took a memorandum book from his pocket and consulted an entry which he had copied from the city directory.

He proceeded more assuredly after this, and at length mounted the steps of a handsome house and rang the bell.

A man servant, low of stature and with a half-imbecile expression of countenance, came to the door.

"Is Mr. Herriford in?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Herriford never receives calls at this hour," said the man.

"Please say to him that this is an exceptional case," said the stranger.

The servant looked full in the face of the man who stood before him. There was something in the gentle serenity of countenance

that commanded obedience, but an expression of fear was on the serving man's face as the stranger entered, and as if by intuitive perception proceeded toward the door of the library in which room the master of the house usually sat at this hour of the day.

"Oh, pray, sir," said the servant in hesitating accents of anxiety and alarm, "be so good, sir, as to wait and call upon him at his office."

The man had but just spoken when the sharp ring of a bell from the library caused sudden tremor to come upon him, and presently, while the stranger stood, hat in hand, the door opened and a tall, spare man with a stoop in his shoulders, a bald head, and a sharp, wrinkled visage scowled out upon the stranger and the servant.

"Saunders!" spoke Stephen Herriford in peremptory tones, "attend to your duties. Explain my rules to the gentleman!" and with a wave of the hand he sought to dismiss the visitor. A more decided repulse could hardly have been given.

The stranger did not move, however, and Stephen Herriford fixed his piercing eye upon the servant who seemed inwardly convulsed with terror. The visitor did not seem to notice the rebuff or the trepidation of the servant; his eyes seemed to emit beams of tenderness as they scanned the face of the man before him, and he walked up to him while the scowling regards were still fixed upon the servant.

"Stephen Herriford, how do you do?" and the stranger extended his hand.

The tall man with the stooping shoulders looked vacantly into his visitor's face and actually suffered his limp hand and arm to be taken and shaken like a pump handle.

"I do not receive calls at this hour," said Mr. Herriford.

"So I understood from your servant," said the stranger, "but this is an exceptional case," and he actually put his arm in that of Stephen Herriford and led him like a child into his own library.

Saunders in mingled trepidation and surprise stood first on one foot and then on the other in mute perplexity. He had never seen a man take a liberty like that with Stephen Herriford, and he had been in his employ seven years.

Meanwhile the visitor seated his host in the leather-covered easy chair, which, drawn before the grate, appeared to be his accustomed seat, and drew up another for himself.

"Really," said Mr. Herriford, seeming suddenly to recover himself, "this is an unpre-

cedented interruption. May I ask to be favored with a statement of your business, sir?" with freezing dignity. As he looked up, however, he again encountered the regards of those deeply smiling eyes.

"You are a rich man, Stephen Herriford!" said the stranger, not intrusively but genially, as though he were a confidential friend.

"Are you a collector of internal revenue?" asked Stephen Herriford in repellant tones, measuring his visitor with his eye as he spoke.

"I am not," replied the genial gentleman. After a moment's pause, he continued sociably: "It is pleasant to succeed in life."

The tall man scowled forbiddingly, then looking his visitor full in the face he slowly smiled as though under the influence of a spell. It seemed a little difficult, this smile that only the lips had part in; it did not reach up as far as the eyes. Evidently the muscles were not used to this sort of exercise.

"Yes, it is pleasant to succeed in life," assented Stephen Herriford.

"Riches are power," said the stranger, looking into the coals as if musing.

"Yes, they are power."

It must have been some subtle quality in the stranger's voice appealing to long disused social qualities, or it may have been the congeniality of the subject that won from the taciturn man these responses.

"You," said the stranger, pausing as if to add emphasis to the word, "you have proved the fact!"

Stephen Herriford had allowed himself to fall into an unwonted mood. He moved his chair a degree further forward and partially closed his deep-set eyes. This time the relaxing about the mouth seemed a trifle easier than before.

"It is strange how much better people know me than I know them," said the stranger's host. "Yes, I suppose I may say that I have proved it. You are a rich man yourself, I take it!" glancing at the stranger's quiet, gentlemanly attire and speaking questioningly.

"I? Oh, yes!" and the dawning smile that came like sunshine made one realize that the sweet serenity of countenance which had seemed so bright before had been only what ordinary light is to a landscape before irradiating sunshine comes. "I am rich, very rich!"

"You have proved it, then, yourself, as well. You are Hendricks, the banker, perhaps. He wrote me he might be in the city this month."

"I have met Hendricks," said the stranger. "I am not he. I have reason to fear that he is not as rich as I."

"Ah!" said Stephen Herriford, blandly. "Excuse my pertinacity. I have the honor of entertaining one of the Melgroves or Goldfinches, perhaps. I have seen the time when I preferred to be *inco* myself. So many seek one to prefer claims or offer solicitations. Why, sir," and Stephen Herriford waxed confidential, "men that represent the best banking power in the country have cringingly sought interviews, and have said to me, 'In you, sir, lies our only hope.' Yes, you say truly, 'riches are power.' Why, during the recent war—but I betray secrets," and the speaker interrupted himself and drew back. "I find myself strangely led to speak of these things!"

"It is very pleasant to have succeeded in life," reflectively reiterated the genial gentleman.

"I expect to get more before I die," said Stephen Herriford; "I expect to get more. But as I sit here and count my ships on the sea, my stocks variously invested, my real estate doubling in value, I suppose I may say I have reason to count myself successful. There are the losses and the worry that come by the way, but I intend to get more to make them up. Do you, sir"—and, Stephen Herriford drew his chair quite opposite the stranger—"do you continually want to get more?"

"Ay, ay," said the stranger, with sympathetic gleams from his deep eyes, "continually! I think I have wanted to get 'more,' Stevie, ever since we got the money for our first chestnutings!"

Stephen Herriford started, and a sudden trembling came upon him.

"Jo Hinton!" and he leaned his long body forward and offered his hand with something a little like a heart impulse this time. "Is it possible it's you? Is it possible it's you, Josey?"

Shortly after, the bell pealed sharply, as was its usual custom, and, having answered his employer's summons, Saunders appeared in the kitchen in a highly exhilarated state of mind. He entered the room sideways, planting the right foot firmly, and drawing the left quickly up to it, in which original manner of locomotion he seemed to experience great satisfaction.

"What's the matter with you, Saunders?" said Janet.

"A broiled chicken, and chocolate, and the

rest as usual, only for two!" the master says. Oh, oh, my sakes!" said the half witted creature, hugging himself. "Who'd a thought it? Hi, hi!"

"Company in this house! Supper for two!" ejaculated Janet. "And what possesses you, Saunders—what's the matter?"

"What would you think," said Saunders, "if the old, dead crabapple tree out in the garden with the snow all on it should leave right out, Janet?"

"Couldn't be no such thing!" said Janet. "What you mean, Saunders?"

"'Cause it's just like that with the master. It's 'Saunders' here and 'Saunders' there, just as pleasant, and I expected he'd take my ears right off for letting the company in. It's the sunshiny man that's done it!"

"Never you fear but he'll make it up to-morrow," said Janet. "I wouldn't live with him a minute if he treated me as he does you. I should think you'd go away."

"Can't," said Saunders, sententiously.

Later, after replenishing the grate, he came down again.

"Oh, you ought to see it, Janet! Master a hob-nobbing with the company, and the man with the sunshine in him a tellin' such stories and making him laugh!"

Meanwhile, the two gentleman, having finished their cups, were resuming the interrupted idea.

Stephen Herriford looked younger than he had an hour before. There was a change in him that would have reminded you of the bare, brown earth when the first spring sunshine falls upon it. It was a change you could not well describe, and yet it was there.

"How did you make your money, Jo? You haven't told me," he said to the man that sat before him.

"I was buying up furs the last time you heard from me," said Joseph Hinton.

"Yes; did you succeed in that venture?"

"I should have done well, but I took a partner. He cheated me out of all I had."

"Shoo, shoo," said Stephen Herriford; "couldn't you recover anything?"

"Not a thing. I hadn't the means."

"I'd have had satisfaction if I had worked like a slave for it!" and Stephen Herriford rose and stood with his back to the fire. "I never let an enemy escape me;" and he pressed his lips firmly together.

"The poor fellow shot himself a few years

after when he found that a forgery was about to be proved on him," said Joseph Hinton. "I had his family on my hands. A worthy family, too. Only one black sheep among them. Men and women grown they are now, and I don't know anything they wouldn't do for me. They are always seeking out ways to do me good. The gratitude of the human heart, as I am in the habit of frequently remarking, is really something wonderful!" and there was a sudden moisture in the eyes of the sunshiny man.

"Ah, is it possible?" said Mr. Herriford, gazing around the room and up at the ceiling rather vacantly, after a pause resuming: "And how was it you made your money, Jo?"

"My money?" resumed the old gentleman. "Slowly, slowly at first, laying by a trifle of capital little by little to begin with. I came across Dick Haverman at last. A fine man, a remarkable machinist. He had risked all his little hoardings on an invention, and was next to starvation; had no money to bring out his idea with. I invested, and brought it out for him on shares. It was a-right up and down unqualified success. It put us on the road to riches.

"Aha," said Stephen Herriford, delightedly.

"I made a mistake in selling out my right. I ought not to have done it. I invested in the lumbering business; put up mills, stores, boarding and tenement houses, built a village, in short, and got business started. A fire came out of the woods one night and swept down into the valley. Everything was submerged in a sea of flame. Animals perished. Human life alone was saved. I lost my papers and everything."

"Dear, dear, dear!" said Stephen Herriford. "Had you no insurance?"

"Barely enough to settle some debts and help my men a little. A fine gang of men were thrown out of home and work in mid-winter."

"You don't mean you used your insurance for their benefit, do you?"

"They had families and I had none. I helped them to keep their souls in their bodies. They had lost their little all in my service. It would have overcome you, Stevie, to have seen the gratefulness of the poor fellows for the little I could do for them; and the women and children—" Here Joseph Hinton stopped abruptly for a moment. "As I have said before, the gratitude of the human heart is something really wonderful!"

"What did you do next?" presently asked Stephen Herriford.

"Made myself richer than I had ever been before."

"Aha, I am gratified."

"I got married."

"Indeed! Took a rich wife! I did the same thing, Jo," and Stephen Herriford leaned forward confidentially. "My wife only lived two years. Used to go about like a shadow. Never had much constitution; and the little boy was like her. He had waiting on, and everything he wanted; plenty of doctors; but he was a puny, moody child; he died when he was eight."

Joseph Hinton asked more about the little life that had gone out so sorrowfully in the grim, silent, handsome, old house; and presently Stephen Herriford resumed.

"I'm glad you married a rich wife, Jo."

"She hadn't money, more than I," said Joseph, to his friend's astonishment. "We began housekeeping in two rooms, but we were rich in happiness and in our children. There were seven of them. They never gave us grief."

"And where are they all? Where is your family now?" asked Stephen Herriford.

And Joseph Hinton looked his friend full in the face and said, simply, reverently: "They are all in Heaven, every one."

Stephen Herriford loosened his cravat nervously, cleared his throat, and spoke again: "And you are all alone."

The soft light deepened on Joseph Hinton's face.

"Mary and the children and I were all of one accord, you know. There was variety in dispositions, but we had one mind on the main points. It appears to me we were always so close together in thought and feeling we can't be far apart now. I cannot say I feel alone. I don't believe the two worlds are such a very great ways off from each other, Stevie."

The tall man in the leather-covered chair glanced anxiously about as if for relief; again he coughed and loosened his cravat; rose and turned on more gas; re-seated himself and warmed his slipped feet.

"You had gained property again, I take it," at length he said, breaking the silence.

"Gained it for the children, and lost it in risking it to get more."

"Again! Is it possible? And at your time of life!"

"My hair was as white as it is now when I began again." I kept books for Rafe Hobart.

Rafe gave me a good place. Rafe was fortunate and established himself handsomely after he worked for me. I've been economical, Stevie. I don't want to be dependent on any man. I've laid up enough to pay my way as long as I shall stay in this world, and I still work on."

"You're too old a man for daily work," said Herriford.

"I'm hearty. I'm adding to my wealth. I'm always wanting more!"

"Aha," smiled, grimly, Stephen Herriford.

"I'm greedy. I'm always wanting to add to my real estate," said the genial gentleman.

"You keep up good heart," said Herriford.

"Yes, I ought to; my wealth is doubling on my hands," said the sunshiny man, cheerfully. "My real estate I shall take with me to all eternity."

"Dear, dear, he's crazy!" thought Stephen Herriford. "His losses have injured his wits, and no wonder, no wonder, indeed! But what am I to do?" His next look into the face so full at once of energy and repose somewhat quieted his alarm, however.

"We're rich, both of us," said Joseph Hinton. "You sit and count your ships, your stock in banks, your real estate. It's pleasant. I have enough for food and raiment, and I count my wealth in human lives. It's doubling every day in value, my real estate; it's doubling!"

"He's crazy, my poor old friend!" thought Stephen Herriford, and he touched the bell.

"Saunders!"

The servant approached.

"Remain in the hall. I may want you."

The man was on the alert, and intent from habit or he could not have understood the low-spoken words.

"And so your real estate is doubling, Jo," said Stephen Herriford, adding mentally: "I will humor his fancies in any event, while I am making up my mind what to do with him."

"Yes, it's doubling. I have no lands and houses. I've no white sailed ships on the sea like yours, Stevie. I've lost all that. But I didn't care so much about the loss when human lives came out to me so. They say I propped them up. The children, they're men and women now, say I helped them into being useful, self supporting members of society, just by finding them out and giving them little jogs in the hard places. The sawyers and millwrights and other men I've helped to get tottering on their feet after the fires and floods, they

promised, some of them, of their own accord, with tears in their eyes, that as I'd done the fair thing by them they'd do the fair thing by others all their lives. This hold on the best part there is in men, surprised me like a legacy, Stevie. It's better than stock in bank I thought. And I've kept adding to it. I add a little every day. Human lives are my gallant ships. They sail well. One founders now and then. So do yours, I take it. I keep an eye out and say: 'God bring them safely into port.' I've got a fleet, Stevie, only they're a different kind from yours."

"It's possible, it's just possible that he's only facetious or a, or religious," thought Stephen Herriford, "I really can't tell which."

A little pause fell in between them.

"If I could find out how they consider him at home," thought Stephen Herriford, "I might judge better what to think of him, my poor, old friend."

"How do you live, Jo? Do you board or keep a house?" the interrogation shaped itself.

"I board," said Joseph Hinton. "I've invested in the welfare of an old friend the past year. Dreadfully poor he is and rather a discordant family he has got, made so no doubt by the irritation of the poverty. I board with him. The walk to the office is long, to be sure. The table is scanty except around my plate; they crowd all the good things there. It's embarrassing!" and a flush rose to the forehead of the sunshiny gentleman. "My bed's a trifle hard, perhaps, and my pitcher has lost its nose," and here Joseph Hinton looked so remarkably amused that Stephen Herriford had to laugh in spite of himself. "I shouldn't remember about it if it hadn't been such a worry to the family, but you really can't imagine what sunny spots we get up in that house. The hyacinths they are taking care of for me are in full bloom now and my periodicals must be coming in about this time. I told them to be sure and cut the leaves for me and tell me which were the articles worth reading when I got home. They do say, Stevie, that just my staying with them helps them amazingly, and they say—" but here the sunshiny man interrupted himself abruptly, "in short the gratitude of the human heart is really something wonderful!"

"There's a method in the madness, if madness it is," thought Stephen Herriford. "It's more than I can understand, but may be it's all right."

"It seems like old times to talk 'right out'

to you, Stevie! I can't do it with the later friends; but you know me like a book! I've filled in the blanks to-night, and now you've known me all my life."

The two friends regarded each other, and scenes and faces and emotions long since past were revived again. All doubts of his friend's sanity passed from Stephen Herriford's mind. They looked and smiled.

"You're a queer fish, Jo."

"That's the most natural thing you've said since I have been here," said the sunshiny man.

This man always had a flower about him. As he spoke, a whiff of perfume came from a carnation pink. He drew a folded paper from his breast pocket.

"See here, Stevie, I'm going to a wedding, and I want you to go with me. I am going to give the bride away. Her father was a friend of mine. This is a mortgage on the home. It has given the mother and children a heap of trouble. The holder consented to make it over to me in lieu of a bad debt. I shall take a share in these marriage merry-makings by making it over to them. Come with me to this wedding, Stephen. I promise you a warm welcome. Say you will come."

"I can't, I never go from home," said Stephen Herriford. "I oversee the rents and taxes and various business at the office every day. It is not necessary, perhaps, but it is habit now. I have no wish to go from home."

"But go this once," urged the genial gentleman. "Take the opportunity to look in upon your friends along the way."

"I have no friends," said Stephen Herriford.

That night Saunders was awakened by a groan.

"Dear, dear, what's that?" he said, and he sat upright to listen.

Again the sound was borne to him in the deep hush of the night.

"It's master, sure as the world! I'd go to him if I wasn't such a coward, as he's always telling me I am. He'd take my ears off, maybe, if he didn't want me to come."

Again the sound was heard. It was no more repeated, and in the dark hour that came before the dawn Saunders fell fast asleep. He awoke with a start of terror.

It was Stephen Herriford that entered the room, but his appearance was calculated to carry misgiving to a stouter heart than Saunders's.

In his right hand he bore a candle; with his

left he held the folds of the blanket he had wrapped around him over his dressing-gown. His deep-set, piercing eyes were fixed upon the poor imbecile, who shook and cowered, believing he beheld an apparition.

"Saunders, you coward!" spoke Herriford, and he approached and deposited the candle. "Give your attention, Saunders. I have something to say to you. You have served me well!"

"I'm sure I'm glad," said Saunders, with chattering teeth, and an expression of anything but gladness.

"But you've done it from fear," said Herriford. "You know you have."

"You always said I did. I suppose you know," said Saunders.

"You know you took the money—seven years ago you took it. You know I could deliver you to prison any hour."

"I suppose you could;" and Saunders drew the bed clothes higher, as if for protection.

"It's better serving me than serving in States Prison. I like to have somebody bound fast in my service, too. I bound you fast by your fears, you coward."

"Oh, master, please don't, please don't tell now that I stole! My poor old mother is a good woman. If ever you would go up among the mountains and see her, you'd know that I tell true. It would kill her to know I stole. She's a good woman!"

"So you have frequently observed," said Stephen Herriford. "Now, Saunders, listen. I have liked to have you bound to me. I have liked to know there was one human being I could absolutely command. I have liked to know that there was one who dare not fail me. I am pretty near alone in the world. But I'll lift the fear from you to-night. Promise me you'll never steal again."

"I haven't stole since. I never did before. I have promised you a hundred times I never would again. I promise yes, forever."

"That'll do, Saunders. And now I promise you, Saunders, that I will never tell to mortal man that you tried to take my money. I will never tell that you went down into the vault that night."

"You never will!" reiterated Saunders, uncomprehendingly. "You never will! My sakes! Oh, you're too good!"

"Good!" and Stephen Herriford turned away.

"Oh, master, you're too good!"

"Hist!" and the man laid something on the light-stand. "Write to your mother to-mor-

row, Saunders; I've put a twenty dollar bill there on the stand. Put it in your letter to your mother, Saunders. It is a token of my respect for so good a woman. And now remember you are free."

"Oh, master, stop a minute! Don't go yet!" with arms extended imploringly. "I want to say—I want to tell you!" And Stephen Herriford turned back again.

What further passed between the man and the servant, who had gradually come so completely under his control, we have not space to say; but as Stephen Herriford went through the silent halls and sought his couch again, something not unlike a strain of music floated through his mind. Upborne on it was a sentence he had heard some hours before: "The gratitude of the human heart is really something wonderful!"

The next morning at breakfast, Stephen Herriford in vain pressed his guest to remain longer than through the early portion of the day.

"I must 'haste to the wedding,'" said the old gentleman, "or who will there be to give the bride away?" and the two friends chatted as the moments sped. The spicy pink that had been carefully placed in water was good as new this morning, and now and then gave out a little whiff of perfume.

"I must look into the office for my letters, and to find if Hendricks has made an appointment," said Stephen Herriford. "Will you go down?"

"Ay, and I've a bit of business to transact."

"Can I assist you?"

"It's only a bit of agriculture."

"Bad season in this climate," said Stephen Herriford.

"Only some pleasure sprouts to put out; and my estate lies always in the land of summer."

"Ha, ha!" The sound was very low—it might have been an auricular illusion. It could hardly have been that Saunders, who stood behind his master's chair, could so far have forgotten himself. It must have been an illusion, as neither of the gentlemen paid any attention to it.

"Will your business take much time this morning?" presently asked the host. "I want to show you our city."

"Not long," said Joseph Hinton. "I like to make up monthly budgets of the magazines and picture papers to send to my young friends scattered in lonesome places. I keep a list of

their names in my memorandum-book, and making up the budgets once a month is like a handshake across the hills. They're little vinelets, the printed words, but they may take root. I might have the dealers send them, but I like to do it all myself for the bonnie lads and lasses, bless their hearts!"

"Ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!"

The sound this time was unmistakable. Such a weird, unearthly burst of laughter.

"Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" and the prolonged sound increased in volume.

Stephen Herriford started and made signal to Saunders, while the gentleman with the carnation pink in the vicinity of his breast pocket looked wonderingly up to the ceiling and around the room, and duly, after this optical voyage of discovery, discerned Poll, an aged parrot, making her way to the floor from the high sideboard, where she had perched.

"What a powerful pair of lungs the bird has got!" said the old gentleman.

"You're a sweet soul! You're a sweet soul!" repeated Poll, waddling up toward 'the sunshiny man,' and putting her head knowingly on one side. "Ha-ha-ha! You're a sweet soul!"

"How in the world she got here, master, I don't see!"

"Take her away, Saunders."

"Come, Polly, come and see your Uncle Jo!"

The three utterances were simultaneous.

Saunders finally captured poor Poll, and disappeared with her to the kitchen with mingled feelings in his soul.

"She hasn't been up-stairs, Poll hasn't, before in two years. I expected, I did, the master had forgotten she was in the house, or he wouldn't ha' let me keep her. Guess she heard the talking, and thought she'd follow it up. Precious little talking she's heard up-stairs in this house before. There's one thing certain, though," as he deposited the screaming victim, "I'll never part with that bird now, certain sure—that's a fact!"

Janet and Saunders, an hour later, watched the retreating forms of the two gentlemen down the street.

"Aint he beautiful?" spoke Janet.

"Now which?" inquired her companion.

"Which, indeed! A pretty question for you to ask! The new gentleman looks like a Santa Claus, only better. He's got a look of Heaven on his face."

"He's a beamer!" assented Saunders. "But master's wonderful good, too, I tell you."

"First I ever heard of it!" and Janet tossed her head scornfully.

"But it's the sunshiny man that's done it," mentally subjoined Saunders.

"I guess folks are glad to see him wherever he goes," said Janet, as she turned away from the window.

"We'd be glad to see him, Jane; if he'd come again!" added Saunders, by way of practical application.

Which of these men were the richer of the two?

CAERPHILLY CASTLE.

BY C.

THIS castle was built about 1221, and is inferior in extent only to Windsor, and must have been one of the most magnificent in the kingdom, its various outbuildings and fortifications covering nearly eleven acres. It is situated in a wide plain surrounded by mountains, in the county of Glamorgan, in Wales, seven miles from Cardiff. A castle had previously stood on the same spot, which was destroyed by the Welsh, in an attempt to free themselves from their Norman conquerors.

This is still a noble ruin. The fine form of the Gothic windows in its great hall, and the clustered pillars that project from different sides of the room, and from which spring the vaulted arches of the roof, give an uncommon charm to the justness of its proportions.

Caerphilly Castle is the most remarkable leaning tower in the world, being between seventy and eighty feet high, and eleven feet out of the perpendicular. It rests on its south side in a singular position, which is best observed by looking at it from the inside, or from the moat underneath it, from which the effect is most extraordinary. The cause of this inclination is not a little singular. The unfortunate King Edward the Second, and his favorites the Spencers, were here besieged by the forces of the queen and many powerful barons in 1326. The defence was long and bravely conducted, the besiegers were much annoyed by melted metal being thrown down on them, which was heated in furnaces that are still remaining at the foot of the tower. At one time the metal ran out of the furnaces red hot, and water from the moat being thrown on it, a violent explosion was caused, which

tore the tower from its foundations, and hurled it into its present position.

The solidity of its wall is amazing, and it has resisted the ravages of time in a remarkable manner, the only rents now visible having been caused by the explosion; the storms of more than five hundred years have scarcely displaced a stone from the summit, and the whole surface is almost without a single flaw.

The castle at length surrendered, the king, whose tragical end is familiar to all, having previously escaped. The Spencers were beheaded at Bristol, and their castle never regained its ancient splendor. It was for a long time the dread of the neighboring Welsh, to restrain whose frequent risings it was built. It is now well worth the attention of any traveller who wishes to examine ancient and well-preserved ruins. Its durability appears to be owing to the strength of its cement, the materials of which are not known to modern masons.

DUNELLEN, N. J.

A BABY IN THE HOUSE.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I KNEW that a baby was hid in that house,
Though I saw no cradle, and heard no cry,
But the husband went tiptoeing 'round like a mouse,

And the good wife was humming a soft lullaby;
And there was a look on the face of that mother
That I knew could mean only one thing, and no other.

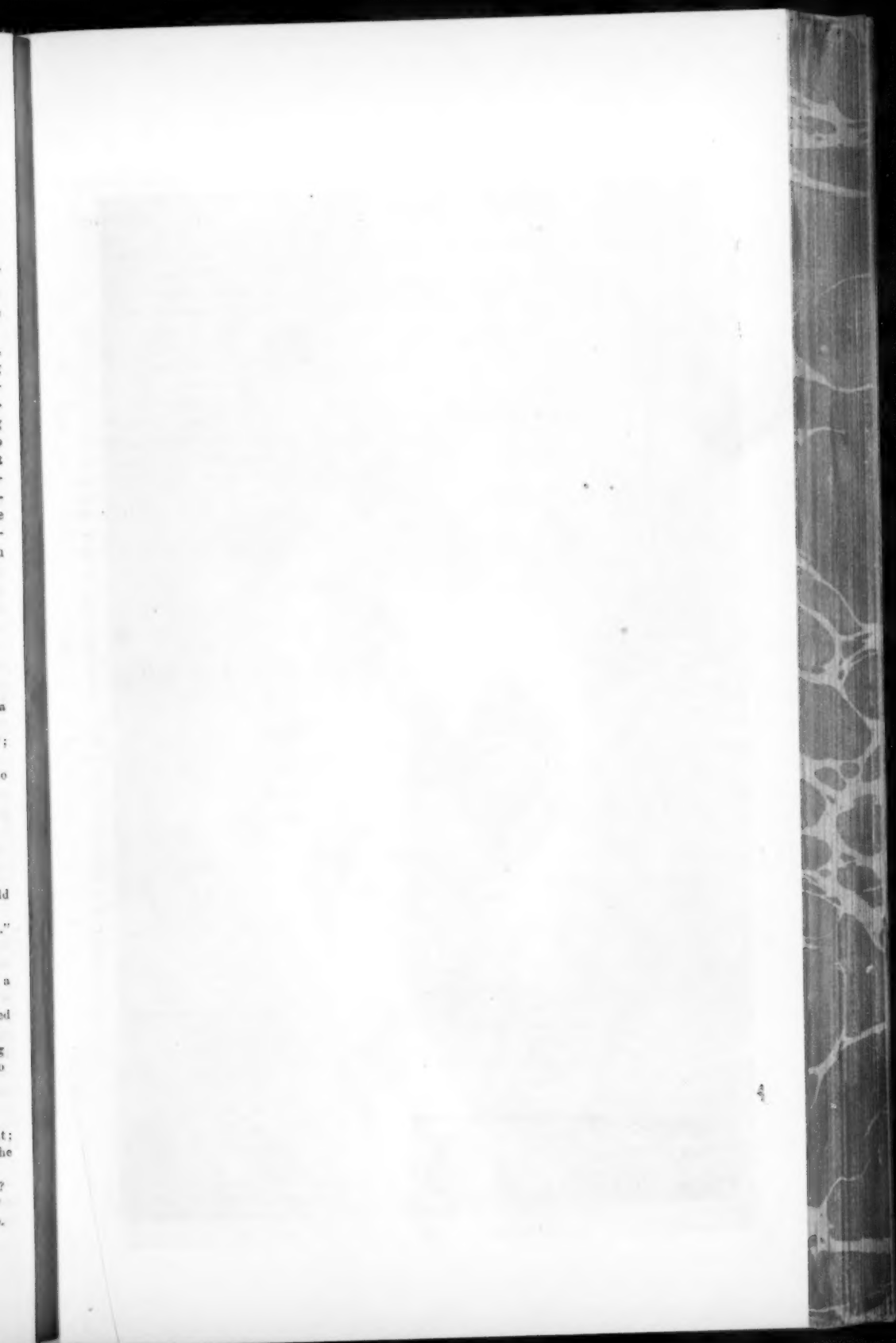
"The mother," I said to myself; for I knew
That the woman before me was certainly that,
For there lay in the corner a tiny cloth shoe,
And I saw on a stand such a wee little hat;
And the beard of the husband said plain as could be,
"Two fat, chubby hands have been tugging at me."

And he took from his pocket a gay picture book,
And a dog that would bark if you pulled on a string;
And the wife laid them up with such a pleased look;

And I said to myself, "There is no other thing
But a babe that could bring about all this, and so
That one is in hiding here somewhere, I know."

I stayed but a moment, and saw nothing more,
Ank heard not a sound, yet I knew I was right;
What else could the shoe mean that lay on the floor—

The book and the toy, and the faces so bright?
And what made the husband as still as a mouse?
I am sure, very sure, there's a babe in that house.





"EVEN AS A HEN GATHERETH HER CHICKENS UNDER HER WING."

MY
w
my ha
"O
stepped
"It
attenti
here?
its titl
chicken
Neit
"I v
heed t
silence
"W
"Be
'would
My
catch
slowly
"Yo
about
story.
desolat
"No
I was t
plied.
from C
Golden
"Ov
weep,"
proph
her."
"I a
am afra
sengers
day."
"In
"In
said I.
church
itself;
human
earth, t
His peo
of Jeru
"In t
"Yes
My v
clearly
"But

"AND YE WOULD NOT."

BY RICHMOND.

MY wife touched me on the shoulder. I was sitting with my temples resting on my hands, looking down at a picture.

"Oh! I did not hear you come in, you stepped so softly."

"It was not my soft step but your absorbed attention," she replied. "What have you here?" And she lifted the picture, reading its title aloud: "'Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings.'"

Neither of us spoke for a few moments.

"I was looking at the chicken that did not heed the mother's call," said I, first breaking silence.

"Why at that one?" she asked.

"Because it symbolized Jerusalem. It would not."

My wife smiled; but as my face did not catch and reflect back her smile, it faded off slowly.

"You seem to be very much concerned about Jerusalem," she said. "It is an old story. Her house was long ago left unto her desolate."

"Not much about the old city of the Jews. I was thinking of another Jerusalem," I replied. "Of the New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven. 'Jerusalem the Golden.'"

"Over this new Jerusalem the Lord will not weep," said my wife. "She will never kill the prophets, nor stone them which are sent unto her."

"I am not so sure of that," I replied. "I am afraid the prophets are killed and the messengers of peace and good will stoned every day."

"In a figure of speech," suggested my wife.

"In much more than a figure of speech," said I. "The old Jerusalem symbolized the church; and the New Jerusalem is the church itself; the divine presence and power in the human soul. This is God's house on the earth, the holy city in which He dwells with His people. It is here that He builds the walls of Jerusalem."

"In the hearts and lives of men?"

"Yes."

My wife was beginning to perceive more clearly the drift of my thoughts.

"But I am not able to see what all this has

to do with the hen and her chickens," she remarked.

"Let us consider the picture," I returned, "and in doing so, bear in mind that our Lord made use of the symbol of a hen and her brood to express his relation to the church. Now, the chickens receive their life from the hen; and so the church must receive its life from the Lord. That life is spiritual and divine. When He saw that it was perishing in the old Jewish church, which refused to come under the shelter of His wings, He is represented as weeping over the city of Jerusalem."

"Your exposition is ingenious to say the least of it," responded my wife.

"The Lord had no wings to spread over the city. He could not gather the houses and the people together as a hen gathereth her chickens. He spoke in symbols; and does He not now speak to His church in the spiritual language hidden under the symbolic utterances of two thousand years ago? It was because this thought has been for a long time pressing itself upon my mind, that I was so much interested in the picture; and especially in the chicken that did not heed the mother's call. I was saying to myself as you came in, 'Am I not that heedless chicken?'"

"You? Why, you are not a church!" said my wife.

"Let us see about that," I answered. "What is a church? A building of wood or stone? No. A congregation of people? No. A great ecclesiastical organization? No. A church is something spiritual. It is a human soul striving to come into divine order; for only in such a soul can God make for himself a dwelling place. If there was only a single human being in the world and that being in divine order, so that he could receive into his soul and give back the fulness of God's love, the church would exist. Increase the number of such human beings, and the church would be larger and stronger; but still it would only be an aggregate of individual churches. So, you see, that it is possible for me to be a church."

"Yes, in that sense."

"But is it not the true sense?"

"I really don't know what is coming over you," said my wife, looking at me with a sober

face. "Ar'n't you drifting away from the old landmarks?"

"Not, I trust, from my love of truth," I replied. "But I must understand for myself. No man can see truth or believe it for me."

"But other men may help you. Some have clearer sight—a higher illustration," returned my wife.

"Well do I know that; for I am debtor to many. But they can only help me to see—the sight is in my own eyes. I must not shut them, and walk blindly, letting others lead me where they will. God gave me a rational mind, and a moral sense, and He expects me to use them."

"No great harm will come of it," returned my wife, smiling.

"And now about this chicken," I said.

"The one just down here that doesn't answer to the mother's call?"

"Yes. You see that it is indifferent to the warning of danger; is disobedient, self-willed, and self-confident. It feels strong in its own strength. The others hear their mother's call, and run quickly to hide themselves under her wings."

"All very well done by the artist, and admirably true to nature," said my wife.

"True to something higher," I answered. "Its truth to nature makes it perfect as a symbol. How ardently I long, at times, for the key that would unlock for me the arcana of divine symbolism contained in Scripture. I get a glimpse, now and then, of the wonderful meanings that underlie the literal sense; but they serve only to give me deeper longings. I seemed, a little while ago, as my mind dwelt on our Lord's remarkable language in connection with Jerusalem, to see its spiritual meaning as applied to the Church to-day—and especially as applied to myself as a member of the Church. But, as I come down from the higher regions of thought and perception, my sight is not so clear. Still, I read a lesson of sober import, and would take that lesson to heart?"

"What about yourself as a church?" queried my wife. "I can understand how a member of the Church may be as the heedless chicken; but how there can be heedless and obedient chickens at the same time in an individual church, is not so apparent."

"Oh," said I, the subject becoming clearer again, "as to that, we may liken divine truths received from the Lord to young chickens. They are small and weak at first, but grow stronger as we obey them. Over these truths, or laws of spiritual life, the Lord watches with the care and solicitude of a hen for her

chickens. The food that makes them grow and become strong is the good of obedience; and this food the Lord offers to every one, but it must be taken each for himself; eaten and incorporated into the soul as natural food is incorporated into the body. Truth in the understanding is like a young chicken. If the truth is obeyed it lives and grows; if not obeyed, it becomes feeble, and may die; if evil is done instead of good, it may be suddenly destroyed or obliterated, as when a hawk sweeps down upon a chicken."

"Then," returned my wife, "some truths may die and others live."

"Yes. And so the individual, like the aggregate Church, may grow spiritually feeble—a puny, half-starved chicken, ready to perish. To such the Lord is ever calling; now offering them food with tender solicitation, and now uttering his warning cries as a bird of prey, in the form of a false principle or an evil lust, makes ready to bear down upon and destroy some good or true thing that lives in the soul."

"Happy are we if we yield to these solicitations, and heed these warnings—if the Lord weep not over our Jerusalem in vain—if he be not called to utter over us the sorrowful words: 'And ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate.' And desolate indeed is that house from which the Lord is banished—that human soul in which He can no longer dwell in His divine beauty."

"You have preached a better sermon than I looked for out of your singular text," said my wife.

"The picture text, you mean."

"The chicken text," she returned, smiling.

"You cannot take any symbol from the Divine Word," I answered, "and consider its meaning, without finding therein spirit and life. No vague or careless utterance could possibly fall from the mouth of God. He spake not two thousand years ago for the people and the time alone; nor for the natural mind and external thought alone. He is speaking to us to-day in the very words addressed to His disciples; but to a deeper spiritual sense of hearing."

"But how are we to understand Him?" asked my wife.

"We must translate the symbol; then all will be clear, and the lesson of Scripture to-day be higher, nobler, and diviner than in any former age. His words are spirit and life; and we must find this spirit and life in them if we would get their truest meanings for the understanding, and their divinest power for the heart."

TH
t
The
more
in the
divin
On
smile
shoul
so ma
very
We
aroun
the fa
are f
the l
laugh
ginati
but a
tion,
let m
Eac
of br
doubt
"Con
every
work
life,
saic,
flower
us to
ing u
to its
our t
ness
world
sures,
and v
joys c
"rejo
We
our v
Bel
route
build
ing, a
an ap
passer
comm
porti
Prote

A DAY IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY MRS. A. W. L. GLEN.

THERE are some days so brightly beautiful that everything around us seems glorified. The birds sing more sweetly; the trees are more vividly green; the flowers are dazzling in their brilliancy, and the very "human face divine" assumes a new phase of beauty.

On such days we meet bright eyes and sunny smiles, and marvel that all the pretty girls should travel at the same time, wondering why so many plain faces looked upon us from the very same car or boat, on a recent occasion. We scan more closely the attractive forms around us, and are surprised to find these are the faces which last week looked so plain, and are fain to admit the change is in ourselves, the beautifier is within. We heed not the laugh nor the murmured, "What a vivid imagination! what romance in your composition!" but are ready to say, if this be vivid imagination, it is a blessed gift; if this be romance, let me ever enjoy its radiance.

Each little bird has a romance of its own; of bright hopes and tender anticipations, and, doubtless, knows how in its language to sing, "Come live with me and be my love;" and every household, from the palace to the cot, is working out its own sweet romance of domestic life. The world, as God made it, is not prosaic, it is marvellous; it is glorious! The flower which brightens our pathway, teaches us to cherish a contented, happy spirit, attracting us to look from our travel-stained garments to its glowing hues; so should we turn from our toilsome pilgrimage to gather the brightness and beauty around us, and so use the world that it shall minister to us of its treasures. With the sunlight of Christian faith and with "hearts surely fixed where only true joys can be found," we may go on our way and "rejoice evermore."

We cannot choose a better day than this for our visit to the Hospital.

Between Philadelphia and Frankford, on the route of the Sixth Street cars, stands a noble building, not entirely completed, but presenting, as it towers above the surrounding country, an appearance so commanding that it is seldom passed without an inquiry into its object and a comment on its magnitude and just proportions. This building is known as "The Protestant Episcopal Hospital," and despite

its long name, well repays the trouble of a visit.

Some fifty years ago, a gentleman of Philadelphia owned a country-seat on these grounds, and here, as summer returned, he made his home; his children rejoicing, as children do, in the freedom of a country life.

Who can know the hallowed recollections which dwell within those walls. Time deals gently with our childhood's memories, effacing all but the bright coloring of happiness. The joyousness of youth lives on when maturer years have added sadder days. All praise to those Christian ladies who, setting aside the cherished remembrances which made their homestead sacred, bestowed it upon the Church for the purpose of a Hospital.

From this comparatively small beginning, the enterprise has grown, till the new building rears its stately towers, and receives within its commodious wards, "without regard to nation, creed, or color," all who need its healing aid.

We have lingered long on the threshold, and have need of all the brightness of our bright day to cheer and animate the sick and suffering within. The alleviations of medical skill, careful nursing, and kind womanly care are employed for the relief of the patients; but sickness lays upon us weary days and nights under the most favorable circumstances.

We are struck with the wide, airy corridors opening upon balconies; with the neatness and cleanliness of the floors and walls, the rustic flower-stands with their living green, and with the order which reigns throughout. Each floor has its wards, sitting-room, dining-room, and kitchen; with its corridor and balcony. On the latter may generally be seen some convalescents, enjoying the fresh air, a good smoke, a game at draughts, or a talk. On the first floor we find the male surgical ward, and sitting at the bedside of some sufferer, to minister as only woman can, is one of the sisters from the "Bishop Potter Memorial House;" the homestead which once echoed with the merry voices of children, is now the temporary home of ladies who have there put themselves in training for hospital or missionary work.

Among the developments of this advancing age we may reckon the enlarged opportunities

offered to women. We bid her "God speed" in the many new paths opened to her; but may the world never lose her chastening influence as the "angel of the household;" or the lords of creation be ever so deluded by her winning ways as to welcome her at the polls or on the platform.

Woman's work in the church is being restored to its primitive position. St. Paul could address "Phebe, servant of the Church at Cenchrea," and could "thank those women who labored with him in the gospel." In St. Mark's Church, Frankford, and in various city parishes, this great element in "preaching the Gospel to every creature" is fully recognized, and is producing fruit in the prosperity and growth of the Church.

We might spend hours at the bedside of the patients in each ward, but will only glance at the neat, white beds, the pictures on the walls, and stop for a few words here and there, as one and another give us a kindly greeting.

Here are men in all stages of dilapidation; broken heads, arms, legs, meet us at every turn. Crutches here seem to belong to man's normal condition.

"Do you find it very tiresome?" we inquired of a man who has spent some weeks on his back.

He answers promptly: "Not so much so as I feared, for I have a turn for writing, and it passes away many a long hour."

"And no doubt your friends are glad to hear from you."

"I did not mean letter-writing. I have here something about the Hospital; if you have the time, perhaps you will read it."

His eager question, "Have you read the third page?" is quite incomprehensible; and when the poem is read through (for it is in rhyme), is asked again: "Do you recognize the characters?"

"Oh, yes, many of them!"

"But do you recognize the lady on the third page?"

"No; I was just going to inquire who it was, but presume it is no one I know."

The look of disappointment following this remark seems out of place; but after a few words, such as they "who fear the Lord speak often one to another," we pass on, and learn from an amused hearer of the dialogue that the description of the supposed stranger is meant for one we should not be ignorant of. Well, it is pleasant to be kindly thought of, even if romance paints the picture.

We may realize, as we pause to make a

pleasant and cheering remark, or repeat some passage of Scripture, in the kindling eye and appreciative smile, that "a word spoken in season how good it is."

Through the well-kept halls and stairways we pass to the upper wards, where the same order prevails—nurses kindly fulfilling their duties, and woman, with her gentle ministries, soothing the weary and wayward patient.

"Oh, it is hard, it is hard!" are the words we hear falling from the lips of a young man for whom medical skill knows no remedy. He tells of his sorrowful life—and then to die so young. To him the news of that land very far off, of that love which surpasses the most devoted earthly affection, comes "like cold water to the thirsty soul."

From week to week we miss the eyes that looked a welcome, and the earnest listener to the good news of the gospel. It is a privilege to hear from some faltering voice a testimony to the kind care and faithful teaching which has been blessed to the soul's salvation, and which has been heard for the first time in the Hospital.

The patients are daily invited to attend a Bible class, taught by ladies from the different churches, who spend each one day in the week in this place, esteeming it a privilege to have this field of usefulness opened to them. The class is often literally composed of "the maimed, the halt, and the blind," but present as attentive and interested a class as one need desire to instruct.

On the second floor is a ward for incurable female patients. There is something especially touching about its inmates. Life with them is surely and certainly fading out. It is only a question of months or days. The ministrations of the chaplain, and the daily religious services, shed a holy influence around. The blessed hopes of the Gospel brighten the dark valley; and some of these patients have learned to say with the Psalmist, "I asked life of Thee, and Thou hast given me a long life, even forever and ever." Estimating the blessings of the hope provided for them, they employ themselves in making useful and fancy articles for the benefit of a hospital now preparing for the Indians, under the care of Rev. Mr. Hinman, in Nebraska.

On the third floor is a ward for women, and one also for children. It is a bright spot amid the realities of sadness and sickness, to see the sunny faces of the little ones amusing themselves, after their own fashion, with the toys provided.

The chapel is a beautiful addition to the building, and is built in memory of the Rev. Dr. Wilson. It affords accommodation to the surrounding neighborhood, where active missionary work is going on under the supervision of a lady abounding in such labors of love, assisted by ladies from the Memorial House, who prefer that department of church work.

If in our hasty walk through the Hospital we have left behind some of the brightness of the bright day, let us hope it has not been lost, but has entered into the life of those sitting in

the darkness of suffering; and if we return to the duties of our home lives, saddened with the burden of suffering humanity beyond our power to cure, let us be satisfied that at least our sympathy and prayers will not be without their alleviating influence. And while by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better, let us cultivate an humble thankfulness that we are permitted, in the persons of our suffering brethren, to minister to our Lord Himself; for He has said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME."

THE STRANGE TEXT.

A CHAPTER FROM "THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER."

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

ROGER always took a half-holiday on Saturdays, and now generally came to us. On one of these occasions I said to him: "Wouldn't you like to come and hear Marion play to her friends this evening, Roger?"

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure," he answered, and we went.

It was delightful. In my opinion, Marion is a real artist. I do not claim for her the higher art of origination—though I could claim for her a much higher faculty than the artistic itself. I suspect for instance that Moses was a greater man than the writer of the book of Job, notwithstanding that the poet moves me so much more than the divine politician. Marion combined in a wonderful way the critical faculty with the artistic—which two, however much of the one may be found without the other, are mutually essential to the perfection of each. While she uttered from herself she heard with her audience; while she played and sung with her own fingers and mouth, she at the same time listened with their ears, knowing what they must feel, as well as what she meant to utter. And hence it was, I think, that she came into such vital contact with them even through her piano.

As we returned home, Roger said, after some remark of mine of a cognate sort, "Does she never try to teach them anything, Ethel?"

"She is constantly teaching them whether she tries or not," I answered. "If you can make any one believe that there is something somewhere to be trusted, is not that the best lesson you can give him? That can be taught

only by being such that people cannot but trust you."

"I didn't need to be told that," he answered. "What I want to know is, whether or not she ever teaches them by word of mouth—an ordinary and inferior mode, if you will."

"If you had ever heard her, you would not call hers an ordinary or inferior mode," I returned. "Her teaching is the outcome of her life, the blossom of her being, and therefore has the whole force of her living truth to back it."

"Have I offended you, Ethel?" he asked.

Then I saw that, in my eagerness to glorify my friend, I had made myself unpleasant to Roger—a fault of which I had been dimly conscious before now. Marion would never have fallen into that error. She always made her friends feel that she was with them, side by side with them and turning her face in the same direction, before she attempted to lead them further.

I assured him that he had not offended me, but that I had been foolishly backing him from the front, as I once heard an Irishman say—some of whose bulls were very good milch-cows.

"She teaches them every Sunday evening," I added.

"Have you ever heard her?"

"More than once. And I never heard anything like it."

"Could you take me with you sometime?" he asked, in an assumed tone of ordinary interest, out of which however he could not keep a slight tremble.

"I don't know. I don't quite see why I shouldn't. And yet—"

"Men do go," urged Roger, as if it were a mere half-indifferent suggestion.

"Oh, yes; you would have plenty to keep you in countenance!" I returned; "—men enough—and worth teaching, too—some of them, at least."

"Then I don't see why she should object to me for another."

"I don't know that she would. You are not exactly of the sort—you know—that—"

"I don't see the difference. I see no essential difference, at least. The main thing is, that I am in want of teaching—as much as any of them. And if she stands on circumstances, I am a working man as much as any of them—perhaps more than most of them. Few of them work after midnight, I should think, as I do not unfrequently."

"Still, all admitted, I should hardly like—"

"I didn't mean you were to take me without asking her," he said. "I should never have dreamed of that."

"And if I were to ask her, I am certain she would refuse. But," I added, thinking over the matter a little, "I will take you without asking her. Come with me to-morrow night. I don't think she will have the heart to send you away."

"I will," he answered, with more gladness in his voice than he intended, I think, to manifest itself.

We arranged that he should call for me at a certain hour.

I told Percivale, and he pretended to grumble that I was taking Roger instead of him.

"It was Roger, and not you that made the request," I returned. "I can't say I see why you should go because Roger asked. A woman's logic is not equal to that."

"I didn't mean he wasn't to go. But why shouldn't I be done good to as well as he?"

"If you really want to go," I said, "I don't see why you shouldn't. It's ever so much better than going to any church I know of—except one. But we must be prudent. I can't take more than one the first time. We must get the thin end of the wedge in first."

"And you count Roger the thin edge?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell him so."

"Do. The thin edge, mind, without which the thicker the rest is, the more useless!—Tell him that, if you like. But, seriously, I quite expect to take you there too the Sunday after."

Roger and I went. Intending to be a little late, we found when we reached the house, that, as we had wished, the class was already begun. In going up the stairs, we saw very few of the grown inhabitants, but in several of the rooms, of which the doors stood open, elder girls taking care of the younger children—in one, a boy nursing the baby with as much interest as any girl could have shown. We lingered on the way, wishing to give Marion time to get so thoroughly into her work that she could take no notice of our intrusion. When we reached the last stair we could at length hear her voice, of which the first words we could distinguish, as we still ascended, were—"I will now read to you the chapter of which I spoke."

The door being open, we could hear well enough, although she was sitting where we could not see her. We would not show ourselves until the reading was ended: so much at least we might overhear without offence.

Before she had read many words, Roger and I began to cast strange looks on each other. For this was the chapter she read:

"And Joseph, wheresoever he went in the city, took the Lord Jesus with him, where he was sent for to work, to make gates, or milk-pails, or sieves, or boxes; the Lord Jesus was with him wheresoever he went. And as often as Joseph had anything in his work to make longer or shorter, or wider or narrower, the Lord Jesus would stretch his hand towards it. And presently it became as Joseph would have it. So that he had no need to finish anything with his own hands, for he was not very skilful at his carpenter's trade."

"On a certain time the king of Jerusalem sent for him, and said, I would have thee make me a throne of the same dimensions with that place in which I commonly sit. Joseph obeyed, and forthwith began the work, and continued two years in the king's palace before he finished it. And when he came to fix it in its place, he found it wanted two spans on each side of the appointed measure. Which when the king saw, he was very angry with Joseph; and Joseph afraid of the king's anger, went to bed without his supper, taking not anything to eat. Then the Lord Jesus asked him what he was afraid of. Joseph replied, Because I have lost my labor in the work which I have been about these two years. Jesus said to him, Fear not, neither be cast down; do thou lay hold on one side of the throne, and I will the other, and we will bring it to its just dimensions. And when Joseph

had done as the Lord Jesus said, and each of them had with strength drawn his side, the throne obeyed, and was brought to the proper dimensions of the place: which miracle when they who stood by saw, they were astonished, and praised God. The throne was made of the same wood, which was in being in Solomon's time, namely, wood adorned with various shapes and figures."

Her voice ceased, and a pause followed.

"We must go in now," I whispered.

"She'll be going to say something now; just wait till she's started," said Roger.

"Now what do you think of it?" asked Marion, in a meditative tone.

We crept within the scope of her vision, and stood. A voice which I knew, was at the moment replying to her question.

"I don't think it's much of a chapter, that, grannie."

The speaker was the keen-faced, elderly man, with iron-gray whiskers, who had come forward to talk to Percivale on that miserable evening when we were out searching for little Ethel. He sat near where we stood by the door, between two respectable-looking women, who had been listening to the chapter as devoutly as if it had been of the true gospel.

"Sure, grannie, that aint out o' the Bible?" said another voice, from somewhere farther off.

"We'll talk about that presently," answered Marion. "I want to hear what Mr. Jarvis has to say to it: he's a carpenter himself, you see—a joiner, that is, you know."

All the faces in the room were now turned toward Jarvis.

"Tell me why you don't think much of it, Mr. Jarvis," said Marion.

"Tain't a bit likely," he answered.

"What isn't likely?"

"Why, not one single thing in the whole kit of it. And first and foremost, 'tain't a bit likely the old man 'ud ha' been sich a duffer."

"Why not? There must have been stupid people then as well as now."

"Not his father," said Jarvis, decidedly.

"He wasn't but his step-father, like, you know, Mr. Jarvis," remarked the woman beside him in a low voice.

"Well, he'd never ha' been hers then. She wouldn't ha' had a word to say to him."

"I have seen a good—and wise woman, too with a dull husband," said Marion.

"You know you don't believe a word of it yourself, grannie," said still another voice.

"Besides," she went on without heeding the

interruption, "in those times, I suspect, such things were mostly managed by the parents, and the woman herself had little to do with them."

A murmur of subdued indignation arose—chiefly of female voices.

"Well, *they* wouldn't then," said Jarvis.

"He might have been rich," suggested Marion.

"I'll go bail *he* never made the money then," said Jarvis. "An old idget! I don't believe sich a feller 'ud ha' been let marry a woman like her—I don't."

"You mean you don't think God would have let him?"

"Well, that's what I *do* mean, grannie. The thing couldn't ha' been—nohow."

"I agree with you quite. And now I want to hear more of what in the story you don't consider likely."

"Well, it aint likely sich a workman 'ud ha' stood so high i' the trade, that the king of Jerusalem would ha' sent for *him* of all the tradesmen in the town to make his new throne for him. No more it aint likely—and let him be as big a duffer as ever was, to be a jiner at all—that he'd ha' been two year at work on that there throne—an' a carvin' of it in figures, too!—and never found out it was four spans too narrer for the place it had to stand in. Do ye 'appen to know now, grannie, how much is a span?"

"I don't know. Do you know, Mrs. Percivale?"

The sudden reference took me very much by surprise; but I had not forgotten happily the answer I received to the same question, when anxious to realize the monstrous height of Goliath.

"I remember my father telling me," I replied, "that it was as much as you could stretch between your thumb and little finger."

"There!" cried Jarvis, triumphantly, pointing the extreme members of his right hand against the back of the woman in front of him—"that would be seven or eight inches! Four times that? Two foot and a half at least! Think of that!"

"I admit the force of both your objections," said Marion. "And now to turn to a more important part of the story—what do you think of the miracle attributed to our Lord in it? What do you think of the way in which according to it he got his father out of his evil plight?"

I saw plainly enough that she was quietly advancing toward some point in her view—

guiding the talk thitherward, steadily, without haste or effort.

Before Jarvis had time to make any reply, the blind man struck in, with the tone of one who had been watching his opportunity.

"I make more o' that pint than the t'other," he said. "A man 'as is a duffer may well make a mull of a thing, but a man as knows what he's up to can't. I don't make much o' them miracles, you know, grannie—that is, I don't know, and what I don't know I won't say as I knows; but what I'm sure of is this here one thing—that man or boy as *could* work a miracle, you know, grannie, wouldn't work no miracle as there wasn't no good working of."

"It was to help his father," suggested Marion.

Here Jarvis broke in almost with scorn.

"To help him to pass for a clever fellow when he was as great a duffer as ever broke bread!"

"I'm quite o' your opinion, Mr. Jarvis," said the blind man. "It 'ud ha' been more like him to tell his father what a duffer he was, and send him home to learn his trade."

"He couldn't do that, you know," said Marion, gently. "He *couldn't* use such words to his father, if he were ever so stupid."

"His step-father, grannie," suggested the woman who had corrected Jarvis on the same point. She spoke very modestly, but was clearly bent on holding forth what light she had.

"Certainly, Mrs. Renton; but you know he couldn't be rude to any one—leaving his own mother's husband out of the question."

"True for you, grannie," returned the woman.

"I think, though," said Jarvis, "for as hard as he'd ha' found it, it would ha' been more like him to set to work and teach his father, than to scamp up his mulla."

"Certainly," acquiesced Marion. "To hide any man's faults, and leave him not only stupid but in all probability obstinate and self-satisfied, would not be like him. Suppose our Lord had had such a father, what do you think he would have done?"

"He'd ha' done all he could to make a man of him," answered Jarvis.

"Wouldn't he have set about making him comfortable then, in spite of his blunders?" said Marion.

A significant silence followed this question.

"Well, no; not first thing—I don't think," returned Jarvis, at length. "He'd ha' got

him o' some good first, and gone in to make him comfortable arter."

"Then I suppose you would rather be of some good and uncomfortable than of no good and comfortable?" said Marion.

"I hope so, grannie," answered Jarvis; and "I would;" "Yes;" "That I would," came from several voices in the little crowd, showing what an influence Marion must have already had upon them.

"Then," she said—and I saw by the light which rose in her eyes that she was now coming to the point—"Then surely it must be worth our while to bear discomfort in order to grow of some good! Mr. Jarvis has truly said that if Jesus had had such a father, He would have made him of some good before He made him comfortable: that is just the way your Father in Heaven is acting with you. Not many of you would say you are of much good yet; but you would like to be better. And yet—put it to yourselves—do you not grumble at everything that comes to you that you don't like, and call it bad luck, and worse—yes, even when you know it comes of your own fault, and nobody else's? You think if you had only this or that to make you comfortable, you would be content; and you call it very hard that so-and-so should be getting on well, and saving money, and you down on your luck, as you say. Some of you even grumble that your neighbors' children should be healthy when yours are pining. You would allow that you are not of much good yet, but you forget that to make you comfortable as you are, would be the same as to pull out Joseph's misfitted thrones and doors, and make his misshapen buckets over again for him. That you think so absurd that you can't believe the story a bit; but you would be helped out of all your troubles, even those you bring on yourselves, not thinking what the certain consequence would be—namely, that you would grow of less and less value, until you were of no good either to God or man. If you think about it, you will see that I am right. When, for instance, are you most willing to do right? When are you most ready to hear about good things? When are you most inclined to pray to God? When you have plenty of money in your pockets, or when you are in want? When you have had a good dinner, or when you have not enough to get one? When you are in jolly health, or when the life seems ebbing out of you in misery and pain? No matter that you may have brought it on yourselves; it is no less God's way of bringing you back to Him,

for He decrees that suffering shall follow sin; it is just then you most need it; and if it drives you to God, that is its end, and there will be an end of it. The prodigal was himself to blame for the want that made him a beggar at the swine's trough; yet that want was the greatest blessing God could give him, for it drove him home to his father.

"But some of you will say you are no prodigals; nor is it your fault that you find yourselves in such difficulties that life seems hard to you. It would be very wrong in me to set myself up as your judge, and to tell you that it was your fault. If it is, God will let you know it. But if it be not your fault, it does not follow that you need the less to be driven back to God. It is not only in punishment of our sins that we are made to suffer: God's runaway children must be brought back to their home and their blessedness—back to their Father in Heaven. It is not always a sign that God is displeased with us when He makes us suffer. 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as sons.' But instead of talking more about it, I must take it to myself, and learn not to grumble when my plans fail."

"That's what you never goes and does, grannie," growled a voice from somewhere.

I learned afterwards it was that of a young tailor who was constantly quarrelling with his mother.

"I think I have given up grumbling at my circumstances," she rejoined; "but then I have nothing to grumble at in them. I haven't known hunger or cold for a great many years now. But I do feel discontented at times when I see some of you not getting better so fast as I should like. I ought to have patience, remembering how patient God is with my conceit and stupidity, and not expect too much of you. Still, it can't be wrong to wish that you tried a good deal more to do what He wants of you. Why should His children not be His friends? If you would but give yourselves up to Him, you would find His yoke so easy, His burden so light! But you do it only half, and some of you not at all."

"Now, however, that we have got a lesson from a false gospel, we may as well get one from the true."

As she spoke, she turned to her New Testament which lay beside her. But Jarvis interrupted her.

"Where did you get that stuff you was a readin' of to us, grannie?" he asked.

VOL. XL.—11.

"The chapter I read to you," she answered, "is part of a pretended gospel, called, 'The First Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus Christ.' I can't tell you who wrote it, or how it came to be written. All I can say is, that, very early in the history of the Church there were people who indulged themselves in inventing things about Jesus, and seem to have had no idea of the importance of keeping to facts, or, in other words, of speaking and writing only the truth. All they seem to have cared about was the gratifying of their own feelings of love and veneration; and so they made up tales about Him, in His honor, as they supposed, no doubt, just as if He had been a false god of the Greeks or Romans. It is long before some people learn to speak the truth, even after they know it is wicked to lie. Perhaps, however, they did not expect their stories to be received as facts, intending them only as a sort of recognized fiction about Him—amazing presumption at the best."

"Did anybody then ever believe the likes of that, grannie?" asked Jarvis.

"Yes; what I read to you seems to have been believed within a hundred years after the death of the apostles. There are several such writings—with a great deal of nonsense in them—which were accepted by many Christian people for many years."

"I can't imagine how anybody could go inventing such things!" said the blind man.

"It is hard for us to imagine. They could not have seen how their inventions would, in later times, be judged anything but honoring to Him in whose honor they wrote them. Nothing, be it ever so well invented, can be so good as the bare truth. Perhaps, however, no one in particular invented some of them, but the stories grew, just as a report often does amongst yourselves. Although everybody fancies he or she is only telling just what was told to him or her, yet, by degrees, the pin's-point of a fact is covered over with lies upon lies, almost everybody adding something, until the report has grown to be a mighty falsehood. Why, you had such a story yourselves, not so very long ago, about one of your best friends! One comfort is, such a story is sure not to be consistent with itself; it is sure to show its own falsehood to any one who is good enough to doubt it, and who will look into it, and examine it well. You don't, for instance, want any other proof than the things themselves to show you that what I have just read to you can't be true."

"But then it puzzles me to think how any-

body could believe them," said the blind man.

"Many of the early Christians were so childishly simple that they would believe almost anything that was told them. In a time when such nonsense could be written, it is no great wonder there should be many who could believe it."

"Then what was their faith worth," said the blind man, "if they believed false and true all the same?"

"Worth no end to them," answered Marion, with eagerness; "for all the false things they might believe about Him could not destroy the true ones, or prevent them from believing in Jesus Himself, and bettering their ways for His sake. And as they grew better and better by doing what He told them, they would gradually come to disbelieve this and that foolish or bad thing."

"But wouldn't that make them stop believing in Him altogether?"

"On the contrary, it would make them hold the firmer to all that they saw to be true about Him. There are many people, I presume, in other countries, who believe those stories still; but all the Christians I know have cast aside every one of those writings, and keep only to those we call the Gospels. To throw away what is not true, because it is not true, will always help the heart to be truer; will make it the more anxious to cleave to what it sees must be true. Jesus remonstrated with the Jews that they would not of themselves judge what was right; and the man who lets God teach him is made able to judge what is right a thousand fold."

"Then don't you think it likely this much is true, grannie"—said Jarvis, probably interested in the question, in part at least, from the fact that he was himself a carpenter—"that He worked with His father, and helped him in his trade?"

"I do indeed," answered Marion. "I believe that is the one germ of truth in the whole story. It is possible even that some incidents of that part of His life may have been handed down a little way, at length losing all their shape, however, and turning into the kind of thing I read to you. Not to mention that they called Him the carpenter, is it likely He who came down for the express purpose of being a true man, would see His father toiling to feed Him and His mother and His brothers and sisters, and go idling about, instead of putting to His hand to help him? Would that have been like Him?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Jarvis.

But a doubtful murmur came from the blind man, which speedily took shape in the following remark:

"I can't help thinkin', grannie, of one time—you read it to us not long ago—when He laid down in the boat and went fast asleep, takin' no more heed o' them a slavin' o' themselves to death at their oars than if they'd been all comfortable like Himself: that wasn't much like takin' of His share—was it now?"

"John Evans," returned Marion, with severity, "it is quite right to put any number of questions, and express any number of doubts you honestly feel; but you have no right to make remarks you would not make if you were anxious to be as fair to another as you would have another be to you. Have you considered that He had been working hard all day long, and was in fact worn out? You don't think what hard work it is, and how exhausting, to speak for hours to great multitudes—and in the open air, too, where your voice has no help to make it heard. And that's not all; for He had most likely been healing many as well; and I believe every time the power went out of Him to cure, He suffered in the relief He gave; it left Him weakened—with so much the less of strength to support His labors—so that, even in His very body, He took our iniquities and bare our infirmities. Would you then blame a weary man, whose perfect faith in God rendered it impossible for Him to fear anything, that He lay down to rest in God's name, and left His friends to do their part for the redemption of the world in rowing Him to the other side of the lake—a thing they were doing every other day of their lives? You ought to consider before you make such remarks, Mr. Evans. And you forget also that, the moment they called Him, He rose to help them."

"And find fault with them," interposed Evans, rather viciously, I thought.

"Yes; for they were to blame for their own trouble, and ought to send it away."

"What! To blame for the storm? How could they send that away?"

"Was it the storm that troubled them then? It was their own fear of it. The storm could not have troubled them if they had had faith in their Father in Heaven."

"They had good cause to be afraid of it, anyhow."

"He judged they had not, for He was not afraid Himself. You judge they had, because you would have been afraid."

"He could not help Himself, you see."

"And they couldn't trust either Him or His Father, notwithstanding all He had done to manifest Himself and His Father to them. Therefore He saw that the storm about them was not the thing that most required rebuke. The miserable faithlessness within them was a far worse thing, and the cause of all the fear. For children of the great God to believe that they were at the mercy of the winds and waves, puffs of air, and splashes of water, was most miserable and degrading. Did He not do well to find fault with them, John Evans?—The fact is," she went on, after a short pause, "that at this very moment you are laying yourself open to the same rebuke. If they had known Him, the disciples would not have been afraid. If you had known Him, you would not thus lightly have brought such a charge against Him. To you also belongs the word—*Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?*"

"I never pretended to much o' the sort," growled Evans. "Quite the contrary."

"And why? Because, like an honest man, you wouldn't pretend to what you hadn't got. But if you carried your honesty far enough, you would have taken pains to understand our Lord first. Like His other judges, you condemn Him beforehand. You will not call that honesty?"

"I don't see what right you've got to badger me like this afore a congregation o' people," said the blind man, rising in indignation. "If I aint got my heye-sight, I ha' got my feelin's."

"And do you think He has no feelings, Mr. Evans? You have spoken evil of Him; I have spoken but the truth of you!"

"Come, come, grannie," said the blind man, quailing a little, "don't talk squash. I'm a livin' man afore the heyes o' this here company, an' He aint nowhere. Bless you, He don't mind!"

"He minds so much," returned Marion in a subdued voice, which seemed to tremble with coming tears, "that He will never rest until you think fairly of Him. And He is here now, for He said—'I am with you always, to the end of the world;' and He has heard every word you have been saying against Him. He isn't angry like me, but your words may well make Him feel sad—for your sake, John Evans—that you should be so unfair."

She leaned her forehead on her hand, and was silent. A subdued murmur arose. The blind man, having stood irresolute for a moment, began to make for the door, saying:

"I think I'd better go. I aint wanted here."

"If you are an honest man, Mr. Evans," returned Marion, rising, "you will sit down and hear the case out."

With a waving, fin-like motion of both his hands, Evans sank into his seat, and spoke no word.

After but a moment's silence, she resumed as if there had been no interruption.

"That He should sleep then during the storm was a very different thing from declining to assist His father in his workshop; just as the rebuking of the sea was a very different thing from hiding up His father's bad work in miracles. Had that father been in danger, He might perhaps have aided him as He did the disciples. But—"

"Why do you say *perhaps*, grannie?" interrupted a bright-eyed boy who sat on the hob of the empty grate. "Wouldn't He help His father as soon as His disciples?"

"Certainly—if it was good for His father—certainly not, if it was not good for him—therefore I say *perhaps*. But now," she went on, turning to the joiner, "Mr. Jarvis, will you tell me whether you think the work of the carpenter's son would have been in any way distinguishable from that of another man?"

"Well, I don't know, grannie. He wouldn't want to be putting of a private mark upon it. He wouldn't want to be showing of it off—would He? He'd use his tools like another man, anyhow."

"All that we may be certain of. He came to us a man, to live a man's life and do a man's work. But just think a moment: I will put the question again: Do you suppose you would have been able to distinguish His work from that of any other man?"

A silence followed. Jarvis was thinking. He and the blind man were of the few that can think. At last his face brightened.

"Well, grannie," he said, "I think it would be very difficult in anything easy, but very easy in anything difficult."

He laughed,—for he had not perceived the paradox before uttering it.

"Explain yourself, if you please, Mr. Jarvis. I am not sure that I understand you," said Marion.

"I mean that, in an easy job, which any fair workman could do well enough, it would not be easy to tell His work. But where the job was difficult, it would be so much better done, that it would not be difficult to see the better hand in it."

I understand you then to indicate that the chief distinction would lie in the quality of the work—that whatever He did He would do in such a thorough manner, that, over the whole of what He turned out—as you would say—the perfection of the work would be a striking characteristic. Is that it?”

“That is what I do mean, grannie.”

“And that is just the conclusion I had come to myself.”

“I should like to say just one word to it, grannie, so be you won't cut up crusty,” said the blind man.

“If you are fair, I sha'n't be crusty, Mr. Evans. At least, I hope not,” said Marion.

“Well, it's this: Mr. Jarvis, he say as how the jiner-work done by Jesus Christ would be better done than e'er another man's—tip-top-fashion, and there would lie the differ. Now, it do seem to me as I've got no call to come to that 'ere conclusion. You been a tellin' on us, grannie, I donno how long now, as how Jesus Christ was the Son of God, and that He come to do the works of God—down here like, afore our faces, that we might see God at work, by way of. Now, I ha' nothin' to say agin that; it may be, or it mayn't be—I can't tell. But if that be the way on it, then I don't see how Mr. Jarvis can be right; the two don't curryspond—not by no means. For the works o' God—there aint one on 'em, as I can see, down-right well managed—tip-top jiner's work, as I may say; leastways—now stop a bit, grannie; don't trip a man up, and then say as he fell over his own dog—leastways, I don't say about the moon an' the stars an' that; I dessay the sun he do get up the werry moment he's called of a mornin', an' the moon when she ought to for her night-work;—I aint no 'stronomer strawry, and I aint heerd no complaints about them; but I do say as how, down here, we ha' got most uncommon bad weather more'n at times; and the walnuts they turns out, every-now an' then, full o' mere dirt; an' the oranges awful. There aint been a good crop o' hay, they tells me, for many's the year. An' i' furren parts, what wi' earthquakes an' wolcanies an' lions an' tigers, an' savages as eats their wisiters, an' chimley-pots blowin' about, an' ships goin' down, an' fathers o' families choked an' drowned an' burnt i' coal-pits by the hundred—it do seem to me that if His jinerin' hadn't been tip-top, it would ha' been but like the rest on it. There, grannie! Mind, I mean no offence; an' I don't doubt you ha' got some-think i' your weekit-pocket as 'll turn it all topsy-turvy in a moment. Anyhow, I won't

puttend to nothink, and that's how it look to me.”

“I admit,” said Marion, “that the objection is a reasonable one. But why do you put it, Mr. Evans, in such a triumphant way, as if you were rejoiced to think it admitted of no answer, and believed the world would be ever so much better off if the storms and the tigers had it all their own way, and there were no God to look after things?”

“Now, you aint fair to me, grannie. Not 'avin' of my eyesight, like the rest on ye, I may be a bit fond of a hargyument; but I tries to hit fair, and when I hears what aint logic, I can no more help comin' down upon it, than I can help breathin' the air o' heaven. And why shouldn't I? There aint no law agin a hargyument. An' more an' over, it do seem to me as how you and Mr. Jarvis is wrong i' this hargyument.”

“If I was too sharp upon you, Mr. Evans, and I may have been,” said Marion, “I beg your pardon.”

“It's granted, grannie.”

“I don't mean, you know, that I give in to what you say—not one bit.”

“I didn't expect of you. I'm a waitin' here for you to knock me down.”

“I don't think a mere victory is worth the breath spent upon it,” said Marion. “But we should all be glad to get or give more light upon any subject, if it be by losin' ever so many arguments. Allow me just to put a question or two to Mr. Jarvis, because he's a joiner himself—and that's a great comfort to me to-night. What would you say, Mr. Jarvis, of a master who planed the timber he used for scaffolding, and tied the cross-pieces with ropes of silk?”

“I should say he was a fool, grannie—not only for losin' of his money and his labor, but for weakenin' of his scaffoldin'—summat like the old throne-maker 'i that chapter, I should say.”

“What's the object of a scaffold, Mr. Jarvis?”

“To get at something else by means of—say build a house.”

“Then so long as the house was going up all right, the probability is there wouldn't be much amiss with the scaffold?”

“Certainly—provided it stood till it was taken down.”

“And, now, Mr. Evans,” she said next, turning to the blind man, “I'm going to take the liberty of putting a question or two to you.”

“All right, grannie. Fire away.”

"Will you tell me then what the object of this world is?"

"Well, most people makes it their object to get money, and make themselves comfortable."

"But you don't think that is what the world was made for?"

"Oh! as to that, how should I know, grannie? And not knowin', I won't say."

"If you saw a scaffold," said Marion, turning again to Jarvis, "would you be in danger of mistaking it for a permanent erection?"

"Nobody wouldn't be such a fool," he answered. "The look of it would tell you that."

"You wouldn't complain, then, if it should be a little out of the square, and if there should be no windows in it?"

Jarvis only laughed.

"Mr. Evans," Marion went on, turning again to the blind man, "do you think the design of this world was to make men comfortable?"

"If it was, it don't seem to ha' succeeded," answered Evans.

"And you complain of that—don't you?"

"Well, yes, rather"—said the blind man, adding, no doubt, as he recalled the former part of the evening's talk—"for harguymment, ye know, grannie."

"You think, perhaps, that God, having gone so far to make this world a pleasant and comfortable place to live in, might have gone farther and made it quite pleasant and comfortable for everybody?"

"Whoever could make it at all could ha' done that, grannie."

"Then, as He hasn't done it, the probability is He didn't mean to do it?"

"Of course. That's what I complain of."

"Then He meant to do something else?"

"It looks like it."

"The whole affair has an unfinished look, you think?"

"I just do."

"What if it were not meant to stand, then? What if it were meant only for a temporary assistance in carrying out something finished and lasting, and of unspcakably more importance? Suppose God were building a palace for you, and had set up a scaffold, upon which He wanted you to help Him; would it be reasonable in you to complain that you didn't find the scaffold at all a comfortable place to live in?—that it was draughty and cold? This world is that scaffold; and if you were busy carrying stones and mortar for the palace, you would be glad of all the cold to cool the glow of your labor."

"I'm sure I work hard enough when I get a job as my eyesight will enable me to do," said Evans, missing the spirit of her figure.

"Yes, I believe you do. But what will all the labor of a workman who does not fall in with the design of the builder come to? You may say you don't understand the design—will you say also that you are under no obligation to put so much faith in the builder—who is said to be your God and Father—as to do the thing He tells you? Instead of working away at the palace, like men, will you go on tacking bits of matting and old carpet about the corners of the scaffold to keep the wind off, while that same wind keeps tearing them away and scattering them? You keep trying to live in a scaffold, which not all you could do to all eternity would make a house of. You see what I mean, Mr. Evans?"

"Well, not ezactly," replied the blind man.

"I mean that God wants to build you a house whereof the walls shall be *goodness*—you want a house whereof the walls shall be *comfort*. But God knows that such walls cannot be built—that that kind of stone crumbles away in the foolish workman's hands. He would make you comfortable; but neither is that His first object, nor can it be gained without the first, which is to make you good. He loves you so much that He would infinitely rather have you good and uncomfortable—for then He could take you to His heart as His own children—than comfortable and not good, for then He could not come near you, or give you anything He counted worth having for Himself or worth giving to you."

"So," said Jarvis, "you've just brought us round, grannie, to the same thing as before."

"I believe so," returned Marion. "It comes to this, that when God would build a palace for Himself to dwell in with His children, He does not want His scaffold so constructed that they shall be able to make a house of it for themselves, and live like apes instead of angels."

"But, if God can do anything He please," said Evans, "He might as well make us good, and there would be an end of it."

"That is just what He is doing," returned Marion. "Perhaps, by giving them perfect health, and everything they wanted, with absolute good temper, and making them very fond of each other besides, God might have provided Himself a people He would have had no difficulty in governing, and amongst whom, in consequence, there would have been no crime and no struggle or suffering. But I have known

a dog with more goodness than that would come to. We cannot be good without having consented to be made good. God shows us the good and the bad; urges us to be good; wakes good thoughts and desires in us; helps our spirit with His Spirit, our thought with His thought; but we must yield; we must turn to Him; we must consent, yes, try to be made good. If we could grow good without trying, it would be a poor goodness; we should not be good, after all; at best, we should only be not bad. God wants us to choose to be good, and so be partakers of His holiness; He would have us lay hold of Him. He who has given His Son to suffer for us, will make us suffer, too—bitterly, if needful—that we may bethink ourselves and turn to Him. He would make us good as good can be—that is, perfectly good; and therefore will rouse us to take the needful hand in the work ourselves—rouse us by discomforts innumerable.

"You see, then, it is not inconsistent with the apparent imperfections of the creation around us, that Jesus should have done the best possible carpenter's work; for those very imperfections are actually through their imperfection the means of carrying out the higher creation God has in view, and at which He is working all the time.

"Now let me read you what King David thought upon this question."

She read the hundred and seventh Psalm. Then they had some singing, in which the children took a delightful part. I have seldom heard children sing pleasantly. In Sunday-schools I have always found their voices painfully harsh. But Marion made her children restrain their voices and sing softly, which had, she said, an excellent moral effect on themselves, all squalling and screeching, whether in art or morals, being ruinous to either.

Toward the close of the singing, Roger and I slipped out. We had, all but tacitly, agreed it would be best to make no apology, but just vanish, and come again with Percivale the following Sunday.

The greater part of the way home we walked in silence.

"What did you think of that, Roger?" I asked, at length.

"Quite Socratic as to method," he answered, and said no more.

I sent a full report of the evening to my father, who was delighted with it, although of course much was lost in the reporting of the mere words, not to mention the absence of her

sweet face and shining eyes, of her quiet, earnest, musical voice. My father kept the letter, and that is how I am able to give the present report.

SWEEP BEFORE YOUR OWN DOOR.

DO we heed the homely adage, handed down from days of yore,
 "Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clear the rubbish from your door?"
 Let no filth, no rust there gather; leave no traces of decay;
 Pluck up every weed unsightly; brush the fallen leaves away!

If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep without, within:
 Plucked up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each besetting sin;
 Weeds that by the sacred portals of the inner temple grow;
 Poisonous weeds the heart defiling, bearing bitterness and woe;

Then, perchance, we may have leisure o'er our neighbor watch to keep;
 All the work assigned us finished, we before his door may sweep.

CONSECRATION OF ART.

SAYS Hans Christian Andersen of Jenny Lind, in his "Story of My Life:" "On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were misused and compelled either to beg or steal.

"Let me," said she, 'give a night's performance for the benefit of these poor children; but we will have double prices!'

"Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When she was informed of this, and that by this means a number of poor children would be benefitted for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes.

"Is it not beautiful," she said, 'that I can sing so?'

"Through her I first became sensible of the holiness there is in art; through her I learned that one must forget one's self in the service of the Supreme."

SPONGE.

NATURALISTS are now generally agreed in regarding sponges as belonging to the animal kingdom. Living sponge, of the common species, consists of a substance greatly resembling the white of an egg in appearance, and of a fishy odor, imbedding a framework, or skeleton, of horny, elastic fibres. These fibres, under the microscope, are seen to be hollow. In other species, the framework consists of a firm, inflexible tissue of intercrossing threads, while the jelly-like substance is full of minute, crystallized spicules, of a chalky, or flinty nature. Small as these spicules are, those which are of a siliceous character can be made to scratch glass. The absence of these spicules is essential to a useful sponge. There is a beautiful West India sponge, in which the flinty matter appears as a fibrous net-work, and is so fine and transparent as to resemble spun-glass.

Every species of sponge has its characteristic figure. The Crumb-of-Bread sponge is always well described by its name, not only as it appears to the eye, but as it feels to the touch.

In a living state, many exhibit lovely colors. Their congenial abode is in sheltered and tranquil spots, in caves and fissures of rocks, where the water is never disturbed. "Fixed, plant-like, to the rock, they festoon the deep sea-caves; they line the walls of submarine grottoes, and hang as singularly-shaped ornaments from the roof; some like inverted goblets, some like fans, some like globes, and others like intertwined branches of uncouth growth."

If a sponge is divided by a knife, the parts, on being placed together, very quickly reunite. Sponges, however, have never been known to show any sensibility to pain.

The surface of a living sponge is generally covered with minute pores, through which water is imbibed, carrying with it both the air and the organized particles necessary for the support of life.

The trade in sponge is quite extensive. It is carried on principally by the Turks and the inhabitants of the Bahama Islands. The Turkish fisheries are chiefly on the coasts of Candia, Barbary, and Syria. The sponge is obtained by diving. The Greeks of the Morea, instead of diving, obtain sponges by a pronged instrument. In the Bahamas, and other West India islands, the sponges are torn from the rocks by a fork at the end of a long pole, as

seen in the engraving. To get rid of the animal matter, they are buried for some days in dry sand, and then soaked and washed.

The Pall Mall Gazette, in a late number, gives the following interesting sketch of sponge fishing by the Greeks and Arabs. It says:

"From the account given by Vice Consul Green of the Tunisian sponge fishery in his report to the Foreign Office, which has lately been issued, it would seem that to fish for sponges requires as much if not more skill than to fish for salmon. The sponge fishery is most actively carried on during the three months of December, January, and February, for at other seasons the places where the sponges exist are overgrown with sea-weeds. The storms during November and December destroy and sweep away the thick marine vegetation and leave the sponges exposed to view. The fishery is divided into two seasons, namely, summer and winter; the former commencing in March and ending in November, and the latter as noted above.

"But the collection of sponges is not very productive in summer, as it is confined to the operations carried on with diving apparatus, which can only be used on rocky and firm-bottomed places, or to the success of native fishermen, who wade along the shores and feel for sponges with their feet among the masses of sea-weed. The sponges thus collected by the Arabs are also of an inferior quality, owing to the small depth of water in which they have grown. As, nevertheless, calm weather and a smooth sea are essential for the success of the fishermen, the winter season, although lasting three months, does not generally afford more than forty-five working days. The Arab inhabitants of the coast, Greeks, principally from Kranidi, near Nauplia (Napoli de Roumanai), and Sicilians, are chiefly employed in the sponge fishery, the Greeks, however, being the most expert fishermen, while the Arabs are the least skilful.

"Sponges are either obtained by spearing with a trident, diving with or without the assistance of an apparatus, and by dredging with a machine somewhat similar to an oyster-dredge. The Arab fishermen, principally natives of Markenah and Jerbah, employ boats called sandals, manned by four to seven persons, one of whom only is the harpooner or spearman, while the others manage the sails, etc.

The spearman watches for the sponges from the bows of the sandal, and the boat is luffed around on his perceiving one, so as to enable him to strike it. The depth of the sea in which the Arabs fish is from fifteen feet to thirty-five feet. Although the Greeks are most expert divers, the majority of them use the spear.

"They employ small and light boats, just sufficient to carry a spearman and an oarsman. The boat is rowed gently along, while the spearman searches the bottom of the sea by means of a tin tube of fourteen inches in diameter by nineteen inches in length, at one end of which is placed a thick sheet of glass. This tube is slightly immersed in the water, and enables the fisherman to view the bottom undisturbed by the oscillation of the surface. The spears used by the Greeks are shorter than those employed by the natives and Sicilians, but with wonderful adroitness they are enabled to reach sponges covered by sixty feet of water. They hold in their hands from three to four spears, and dart them so quickly and with such precision, one after the other, that before the first has time to disappear under the surface the second strikes its upper extremity, and thus gives it additional impetus to reach the sponge aimed at.

"The Sicilians, also, fish with a spear and in small rowing boats, but do not understand the employment of the tube, and have not acquired the knack of the Greeks in using three or four spears; they consequently seldom secure an equal quantity of sponges, although they are always more successful than the Arabs. The produce of the fishery is, it is stated, susceptible of considerable augmentation by an increase in the number of fishermen, and a new sponge is reproduced within a year wherever one has been removed."

THE CHILD AND THE ANGEL.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

ONCE, upon Life's flowery margin
Where the sun shone strangely bright,
And the breezes chanted gayly
To the blossoms pure and white;
Where the ever-lulling fountains
Of our childhood's better time,
Still were filling vale and highland
With their melody sublime;
Sweeter far than sweetest blossom
Sat a baby, wondrous fair,
With an angel's wing about him,
And an angel's shining hair

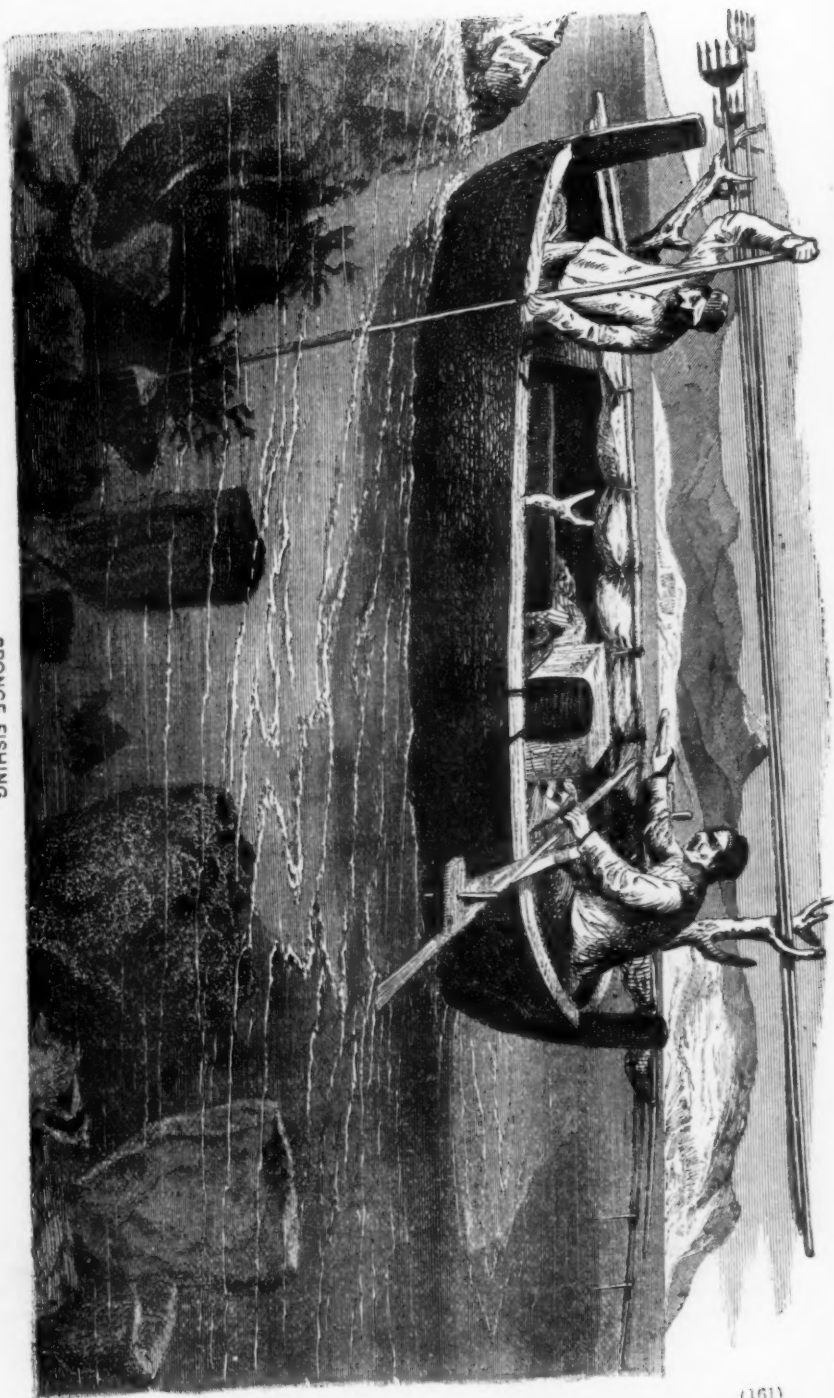
Falling o'er the snowy splendor
Of his little waxen limbs,
While the angel-tones were blended
With the tenderest of hymns.

"You can hear the voices, baby,
Of the far-off restless throng,
For the valleys now are ringing
With the echo of their song;
But a million hopes are dying
In the weary walks of earth,
And a million hearts are breaking
Mid the shouts of joy and mirth.
There is love and hope and gladness
Where the busy footsteps fall,
But an undertone of sadness—
Low and solemn—waits through all.
There are shadows with the sunshine;
There are thorns beneath the flowers;
And serpents with their poison-fangs
Within the fairest bowers.

"But there is a land, my baby,"
And the angel-brows were bent
Still lower o'er the dimpled face
Where the shadows came and went,
"There's a land of light and beauty,
Where the sweetest waters flow,
Where the harps are never broken,
Where the bleak winds may not go;
Shall I bear thee to its brightness?"
And the baby bow'd his head,
Closed his eyes, and mourners whispered,
In their anguish, "He is dead!"
Ah! they could not see the glory
Covering the face so fair,
Nor the angel-fingers toying
With the baby's silken hair!

Could not hear the Father saying:
"Suffer him to come to Me,
For of such the Heavenly Kingdom
Was, and ever is, to be!"
Could not see the singing seraphs,
And their voices could not hear,
For the tempest dim'd their vision,
And its thunder dull'd their ear!
Little clinging vine that clasped them—
Baby with the golden hair—
Spirit in thy stainless beauty,
Smiling where the sinless are,
Little lonesome wanderer never,
On Life's dark and dangerous road,
Lead, oh, lead them through the shadows,
To the City of thy God!

WITTY sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even dropped by chance, springs up into a flower.



SPONGE FISHING.

SOM

“new

At
the ro
round
ness v
went

It v
soften
a littl
of the
sister.

The
her e
ticity
of joy

But
unbro
ent ho

The
place
stair,
or ou

Rams
in ges
Rams
brothe
silene

To
ness v
pectec
suffer

thres
“Ma
here h
fatted
hero

He
telling
things
learn

among
the v
brothe
thoug
of his
sweet
angel,
a grea
and r

SIX IN ALL.

A SEQUEL TO "A DOLLAR A DAY."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

CHAPTER XII.

SOME other people beside Prudy and Cherry Hanes were looking at the world through "new lenses" at this time.

At the opposite side of the old town, where the roof rose gray and stately from the surrounding greenery, a new, unutterable happiness was blooming out upon these days which went "shining and singing" through the May.

It was happiness of that best kind which softened and elevated all those on whom it fell a little toned down and held back on the part of the young men by a vague alarm for their sister.

The color still hovered half doubtfully in her cheeks, showing that all her young elasticity could not at once react from the shock of joy she had undergone.

But what happy days those were—the old, unbroken household again, only such a different household now!

There was Ramsey everywhere—in his old place at the table, with his ringing step on the stair, rambling among the grounds with Cressy, or out in the stables with his father, the old Ramsey, in a thousand little tricks and ways, in gestures and tones; and yet, such a different Ramsey—such a kind, thoughtful son and brother as had come back out of the dark and silence of the years and the antipodes!

To Ramsey, too, this home-love and tenderness was a wonderful revelation. He had expected to be received, at best, with a hard, dry sufferance; that his prayer on his father's threshold must be that of the Prodigal Son, "Make me one of thy hired servants." And here he was welcomed, if not with banquet and fatted calf and sound of trumpets, yet as the hero and central figure of the household.

He amused Cressy a good deal one day by telling her this—for he could tell her many things he never told his father or brother; she learned, too, in quiet walks with Ramsey among the grounds, or pacing up and down the verandas, what she had been to that big brother of hers all these years; how the thought of her was the solitary light and hope of his long despair. Then, how unutterably sweet and lovely she was these days—not an angel, but something which, for this world, is a great deal better, full of sparkling speeches, and ripples of mirth and prankish humors and

little graceful tenderesses, out of which she would slip into a sudden gravity, and sit still as a mouse, staring with her great brown, sun-like eyes at her brother, breaking out suddenly with, "Papa, it seems rather good to have your two big boys together here. What are you and I to do with them?"

And papa would laugh a little pleased laugh, and say: "They are a huge brace for you and me to manage—that is a fact, Cressy."

"Good!" Proctor would add, with one of his grimaces. "It's anything but that to me. Ram, you rascal, you've stepped into my shoes; you've put my nose out of joint; you've shoved me into a corner. Let's go in for a fight and fair-play," giving his brother a stinging-whack on the shoulders.

And at that challenge Ramsey would spring to his feet, and with infinite mirth they would have a bout and wrestle, in the midst of which sometimes one, sometimes the other would go down, their loud laughter fairly making the timbers shake.

Then, too, how much they had to tell each other of all that had been happening these years, sitting up far into the night, just as those other imprudent young people were doing at the "lean-to."

One night, the second or third after his return, Ramsey woke suddenly. He heard the clock striking one—he could not have been asleep more than one hour. The moon was lifting her big golden disc behind the hills; the night was warm, and Ramsey had drawn the blinds up before he retired. By the faint rays he discovered some figure in a dark robe standing by his bedside, he started up with a shout, "What's that?"

"Don't be frightened, my boy," said his father's voice.

Ramsey's first thoughts went straight to another fit of somnambulism, but the next words reassured him.

"I just took a fancy to come up and make certain that you were fast asleep under your father's roof."

Ramsey was inexpressibly touched. He put out his hand and gripped the old man's. "I haven't deserved this of you, father."

"Don't say that." Forwyth's voice was tender, almost as Ramsey's dead mother could have been. "I was not always the father I

should have been to you, Ramsey. I was hasty and hard with you many a time. I've had some terrible remorse of late years."

Confession always comes hard to a man. The voice shnt down with a kind of latch-click on each of these sentences.

Ramsey rose right up and threw his arms around his father's neck. If he did not speak, it was because he could not trust himself. But from that night Ramsey Forsyth and his father understood each other.

A morning or two after this Cressy stood out on the side balcony watching her brothers mount their horses for a ride. Her father came out with his paper in hand. There was a pleased look in his eyes as he watched the stalwart youths spring into their saddles.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To hunt up Robin Hood's 'merrie men,'" answered Proctor.

"Or the Forest of Arden," added Ramsey.

As they lifted their hats to her with a mock reverence, and clattered away, she took the hint and called out after them some stanzas of Chaucer's with fresh, lark-like sweetness all through the old Saxon; then she turned to her father: "I think you may be proud, papa, of those big brothers of mine."

"I think I may, Cressy," and then he put the paper in her hand.

Meanwhile Ramsey was saying to his brother, "How wonderfully pretty she did look standing there under the honeysuckle! Does she know just how lovely she is?"

"Does a young woman of twenty fail to know that? You ought to have seen the sensation that pretty face of hers made whenever she took it abroad."

"I've always heard that sort of knowledge was apt to spoil young women; and I've seen some instances of it doing so," said Ramsey, oracularly.

"No doubt," added Proctor, with a touch of superciliousness, which had been in the background of late. "But I'd trust Cress. There isn't the spark of a flirt in her. That big, honest heart of hers—you've got to live with her to know it—it's the best that ever went into a woman."

Proctor prided himself on having no enthusiasms; but when he came to talk of Cressy, real feeling flamed up into his words.

"Bless her heart! She is a trump, that sister of ours!" added Ramsey, fervently.

"She isn't anything else. Come, Ram, let's go in for a race."

They had reached a point now where the

road, turning sharply from the hills, struck between the meadows in a straight, smooth line for a mile; the bays pricked up their heads at the touch of the spurs, and swept grandly away.

Three hours later there was a knock at Cressy's chamber-door. The girl had carried out her programme of housekeeper with wonderful persistency, going about every morning with a certain air of grave responsibility, and giving domestic orders, the keys making all the time a little tinkling chorus at her side.

She had been unusually busy this morning among the various duties which she had voluntarily assumed—Cressy Forsyth being apt to do all her life what she set about thoroughly, even when it came to the old childish "getting mad."

"Who is there?" she asked, without moving to the knock.

"Ramsey; but I'm in no hurry. I'll wait."

"Oh, no you needn't. You are my brother, you know."

There was a patter of slippers across the floor, and she came to the door in a little white dressing sacque, her hair down—a great, lustrous auburn-brown mass, straying all around her neck and shoulders.

Ramsey had not seen her like this since she was a little girl:

"Why, Cressy, how pretty you do look! Have you risen right out of the sea?"

"No; but out of housekeeping"—a laugh rippled along the syllables. "You will have no idea of my gifts in that line until you see me with a buff apron among the closets and pantries and chests, going my daily round regular as the sun."

"And then, for a change, you come up here and play mermaid, I suppose; only how do you contrive for the sea and a bit of cliff?"

She was in a merry mood; so, for answer to this light persiflage, she swept the glittering masses of her hair across her arms, and dashed the soft, lustrous heaps in his face—the lights in it shining and twinkling like fireflies. As he brushed it away, her laugh rippled again. "Oh, Ram, do you remember what an absurd goose I used to be about my 'old red head.' It was really my childhood's thorn in the flesh; and I'm so proud of the glint and glow now."

But no laugh in turn answered the laughing, fluttering creature; instead, a strong arm seized her about the waist, set her down on the lounge in her chamber, and then Ramsey suddenly sank on his knees and buried his face in her lap.

"Oh, what is the matter?" she cried, bending over him amazed and alarmed, while the long hair hid them both in its cloud of bright darkness.

"Cressy, can you ever forgive me for the brute I was to you? If you knew how it all used to come back in those dreary days and nights on the whaler, and stab me like a knife. And there was nothing that hurt quite so deeply as the thought of my cruel torture about your old red head—knowing, too, all the time your childish sensitiveness there. It was devilish. I made a vow then that if I ever lived to see you again I would ask your forgiveness—like this."

A little indrawn sob answered him. "It was all my fault, Ramsey. It was my horrible temper. I saw it all at last, after I thought you were gone forever. Let me get up and take your place."

But he held her down there fast; and at last, because she would not admit she had anything to forgive, she lifted up his head and kissed him.

She would not let him go while she dressed her hair that day, and while she was doing this her eye lighted on the table where the paper lay which her father had placed in her hands that morning when they stood on the balcony.

She took up the sheet and placed it in her brother's hands without comment. His eyes dropped at once on his own name.

The editorial trumpet gave no uncertain blast this time. Ramsey's return from the Orient with laurels and honors was set forth in flowering adjectives. The story of his rescue of Joe Dayton was pictured after the most sensational pattern. His motives for his long sequestration from his native land and friends were ascribed to "the agonies of a lofty and sensitive nature, driven to madness by the conviction that he had been the innocent cause of his father's death."

The public would, of course, accept the newspaper version, in which there was a sufficient basis of truth to make no supplementary explanation necessary.

Ramsey flushed, and worked his limbs uneasily enough, getting through the column devoted to himself. When he was through, he looked up with a grave face at Cressy.

"You don't like it?" she asked.

"No; for it isn't true."

"A good deal of it is, Ramsey."

"But not enough to make me feel otherwise than a sneak whenever I'm set up for a hero. I know the facts."

That evening Cressy went and sat down to her piano for the first time since Ramsey's return. Her fingers fluttered doubtfully awhile among the keys, swaying them one way and another into sudden moods of joy and exultation, and then dropping into some air charged with a great sadness. You felt the shaking of the tears all through it as it wavered out weird-like in the twilight; indeed, there was something in all this music strangely like the cry of human hearts out of their burdens of grief or gladness. Perhaps Cressy only half knew it, but every one of those voices had had to live first in her own soul, else she could never have invoked them from the keys. Of a sudden she stopped.

"Papa, what will you have?" she said, turning to the window where he sat.

The young men, too, rose up from their seats where they had been held by the weird spell of this music, as though behind all the sobbing and rejoicing flamed a soul, and stood by the piano.

"Let's have 'Home, Sweet Home.'"

It had been his favorite tune. How often the young voices had sung it for him in the golden twilights of their childhood; but since one of the triumvirate had fallen off, they had all tacitly avoided the old song; indeed, Cressy had never heard the air without a tide-like rush of memories, ending in stabs of pain.

She struck the keys now. The three voices took up, just as they used to, the dear old tune, but, in the midst of it, Cressy dropped and went down in a sob, and the boys had to finish without her.

So, in little homely side scenes like these, the May days went on, "singing and humming" into the splendor of the June.

All this time, too, they were not unmindful of the young people on the opposite side of the town, and, if there was any truth in the old tradition, Darley Hanes's ears must have burned steadily these days.

Ramsey was never tired of talking about his preserver, and he had not been so long with Joe Dayton not to have largely imbibed the latter's estimate of his friend.

As for Cressy, there was enough of the heroic in the young workman's life to vividly impress her fancy and imagination. She thought of him in the long, brave struggle of his boyhood; she thought of him as her brother's preserver, as her father's workman; she thought of him in that old motley in which they had met on her return, until it seemed a prince's disguise; and the whole went to make up something very

grand and heroic in the young girl's imagination; and all Ramsey's talk unconsciously contributed to this effect.

There seemed, however, to be a tacit understanding betwixt the big house and the lowly one that each was to be "let alone" these days. Ramsey even would not intrude on the two friends at first. "I know them," he would say. "Better leave them to themselves for a while, our turns will come."

And then Ramsey and his own family had quite enough to just live with themselves these days.

And now the question was continually coming up, what was to be done with this Darley Hanes? In what way could these people best show their estimate of the unutterable debt which they owed him?

That he was to work on at the old day's labor in the grounds was not so much as thought of. If Darley should make any attempt at it, Ramsey declared, striding excitedly up and down the room, that he would take wheelbarrow and hoe and share his labor.

Forsyth was ready for any amount of generosity to the preserver of his boy. He talked sometimes of buying Darley a house, sometimes of setting him up in business, the man's gratitude always taking some practical shape. But Ramsey counselled waiting and conferring with Joe Dayton. Indeed, young Forsyth had a feeling that any pecuniary aid would have to be managed with great delicacy; he knew Darley's almost morbid susceptibility to anything like dependence, his poverty and his sturdy self-reliance had fostered the feeling; indeed, his present release from labor had all been a matter of Joe Dayton's contriving aided by Ramsey; and the end of it all was, that, one day about a week after their return, they came upon Joe plodding his way to the "lean-to," and swooped him up in the carriage and triumphantly carried him home and kept him over night, while Darley's fortunes formed one of the principal topics under discussion.

CHAPTER XIII.

The next day Joe Dayton and Darley Hanes had a quarrel; their first one. The girls heard the loud, angry voices outside under the pear-tree, and were dreadfully alarmed. It happened on this wise: Ramsey's plan had transpired. It was to send Darley to college. It appeared this was no new impulse on his part, but one which he had secretly entertained for years; and that while he was in the Eng-

lish house at Hong Kong he had made this resolve, and carefully retrenched his own expenses in order to carry it out.

Ramsey was desirous of doing the best thing possible for his benefactor, but it is probable that his gratitude would never have taken this particular form had it not been for hints that Joe Dayton let drop.

The latter, who had from the beginning a singularly clear instinct of the constitution of Darley's mind, always insisted that a liberal education was a necessity for the newboy.

So it all came about in the talk with the Forsyths that Ramsey's purpose transpired, which even Joe had not suspected until that time, although he had felt certain that young Forsyth's persistent economy at the Indies, which had cost him many small sacrifices, was, in some way, ultimately connected with Darley Hanes.

So it came about that Joe, as had been prearranged, laid the whole plan before his friend, and that they had, in consequence, their first quarrel.

For though Darley was greatly moved at first at the whole story, yet, when Joe began to urge upon him the duty of taking young Forsyth at his word, Darley flamed up at once, grew red to the ears, and declared that such dependence would be dishonor in him. He had fought his own way thus far through the world, he was not going to turn its beneficiary now, not he, squaring his shoulders and looking very bellicose and insulted.

Joe entreated and argued; he placed before Darley in the strongest lights the hope which had inspired this long sacrifice of Ramsey's. Darley was ready to concede anything there, but when it came to accepting the gift the young pride nurtured by all these years of self-reliance took fire.

"I can't do it, Joe," the short sentences shutting down with a kind of file-saw sharpness upon each other. "Disguise it under what soft terms you may the whole thing comes down to charity, and taking that would take the pluck and manhood right out of me. What have I ever done to Ramsey Forsyth that he should pay me in this broadcast fashion."

"Only saved his life," answered Joe, coolly. "It may seem a very small matter to you, but it was of some value to him and his friends."

"But it was only a few hours service. Anybody, under the circumstances, would have done as much."

At last, after having vainly tried argument

and entreaty, Joe exploded. "Such pride," he declared, "was monstrous, it was of the Devil. What was Darley Hanes that he should set himself beyond receiving any largess from his fellow-men, that he was always to stand in the attitude of helper and giver, when God only could do that?"

"What right had he to refuse the gift of the friend whose life he had saved, and who, out of his gratitude, had been slowly hoarding up his wages for this very thing. It was not proof of a lofty and noble spirit to refuse; it was pettiness and mean, cruel pride."

Joe himself had had a plan of his own about helping Darley to college, but he supposed now that he would take on the same airs with his old friend that he did with young Forsyth; and if Joe had a title-deed to the Indies, Darley should not have a dollar. No, sir, he would not encourage such monstrous pride.

So he went away. Darley flung himself down in the deserted hammock. His sisters came out to learn what the matter was, but were savagely ordered back into the house.

And so Darley lay there amid the shadows and the flutter of soft lights, with little laughers of wind in the leaves overhead—but there was no beauty, no charm for him in the world now; he wished he was dead. He had quarrelled with Joe!

But at last the fiery pride of his passionate youth slowly calmed itself. "What if he had been partly in the wrong, after all?"

Then Darley thought of Ramsey, denying himself so many of the luxuries of his pampered youth, hoarding this money through those long, hot years, and the tears came into his eyes. "What right had Darley to put it all away in this high-handed fashion? What if, after all, God had sent this gift to him?"

Through all these questionings of Darley's soul, the old pride flamed out and hurt every few minutes.

Then Darley remembered how this going to college had been the crowning aspiration of his life; the longing which he had strangled down with a pain that hurt as though he were strangling his own soul.

What if God had sent the gift in this way—not, of course, in the one Darley had wished. But what was he, that he should dictate to God and refuse to take the gift as the Father sent it to him?"

So he lay there while the leaves fluttered and tinkled overhead, and the sun passed in a great glory of setting behind the distant hills,

and the brown dusk gathered, and Darley lay there, "thinking the long, long thoughts of his youth."

At last he went into the house. The table had been awaiting him some time. "Girls!" he said, in answer to their anxious looks, "I suppose I treated you like a cannibal awhile ago; but I had no idea of eating you up. Something is on my mind just now."

And the supper was eaten almost in silence.

Then Darley went to walk, carrying out into the wide dark, and the patient, solemn stars, his doubt and his trouble. He did not come home until very late, and he said nothing to his sisters "of that which was on his mind."

But the next morning he walked over to the hotel where Joe was staying. He found him at home. Joe had an instinct Darley would be there that day.

"Joe," said Darley, in a hurry to get it out for it cost something yet, "I've been thinking it all over ever since you left; I have made up my mind that I would take Ramsey at his word, only there are the girls."

Joe gave a shout, and lifted Darley right off his feet. "Bravo! my boy. I knew you would come out all right at last."

"But I think you were a little hard on me, Joe."

"Was I?" looking at his friend intently, a tender light spreading in his great, sea-like eyes. Some words from the centre always lay behind that look. They came in a moment: "Darley, did you think I would be less careful, less jealous of your pride and honor than of my own?"

"No, Joe, I don't believe it now."

After a little pause the smile came in its quaint mirthfulness, that showed the perfect teeth, and transfigured Joe's homeliness. "Darley, old fellow, didn't you know all the time I liked you better for the pride?"

The next day Joe had an interview with young Forsyth, in which, amidst a great deal of collateral talk, he related all this. Ramsey, in turn, repeated it to his own family, and Cressy made him go over with it a second time with herself.

Soon afterward young Forsyth and Darley had a meeting. What they said to each other I do not think the two ever told.

After this the negative relations between the grand house on the hill and the "lean-to" ceased, or rather grew into positive ones. There was coming and going between the young men at first, afterwards with all the inmates. Prudy and Cherry were actually

invited to pass the day at the Forsyths, and went in some new dresses which Joe had brought them from the Indies—silks with a soft cloud-like shimmer, that gleamed mist-like wherever the sun struck them, and gave the girls a kind of ethereal grace.

The gift was simple enough, but Joe had been half afraid to offer it, and at last, with apologies and stammers, put the shining fabric into Darley's hands. But the delight of the girls the next time he saw them more than satisfied him.

It was a good deal like going to dine with the gods on Mt. Olympus—that day at the grand house.

Yet it was wonderful how, amid all the grace and splendor, the girls soon felt at ease. Their native refinement, their birthright "ladyhood," asserted itself, and they were bright and natural amid all the service and the elegance.

It was wonderful, too, how the seven young people got on together, telling stories of all sorts, and sparkling with wit and light persiflage, as though they had been friends all their lives.

Forsyth himself seemed to enjoy the whole

vastly, although he did rather stare Cressy out of countenance; but it was all explained when in the evening he, too, told a story—his only one that day—it was the scene which had transpired so long ago in Squire Butterfield's kitchen.

Darley and his sisters listened in touched, breathless amazement.

And this crowning day was succeeded by others, in which there were drives and sails and all kinds of young, fresh, happy times.

The young Forsyths were very polite to Darley's sisters. There was a certain blossomy freshness and simplicity about them which attracted even Proctor, who was fastidious regarding young ladies, and prided himself on his flinty hardness toward all that concerned them.

But Darley's sisters were, Proctor confided to Cressy, "something quite out of the usual line, and their quaintness and originality quite stimulated a fellow," with that touch of superciliousness which always nettled Cressy, "especially one who had seen all the flowering varieties of the continent.

(To be continued.)

OTHER PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

BY PIPSESIWAY POTTS.

No. XVII.

DEAR me, but I do have trouble! I received a long letter from Deacon Skiles the other night, and I don't know what encouragement I had ever given him, but he asked me in the letter if he might ever hope to call me his darlin'.

Deacon Skiles's darling! Sure! Why I felt my face flush up redder'n the reddest hollyhock that grows down where our old loomshop used to stand!

Eight Alderney cows and seven little Skileeses, and me his darlin'? Chaff! I read the letter aloud to Ida and Lily, taking care to skip all the veeny places, but they were not satisfied, and said they'd not rest until they had read that letter by some means.

I took a convenient fit of coughing just then, and went to the door and slipped the letter in my pocket. But I saw them smirking all the time, and looking at each other, and I just expected I'd find a little hand slipping into my pocket any moment.

Those girls are so mischievous! I didn't

know what to do. It was no use to put the letter down under the mattress of my bed, for they'd be sure to flip it over and find it the first thing.

With the old instinct of little girlhood, I slipped it in my bosom, and took the watering-pot and went out to water the vines and plants. I went the rounds giving each one a drink, and then returned, and when I came back to the ivy there lay my letter on the ground.

I was scared, and snatched it up and turned my back toward the house and slipped it in my bosom again, wondering how I ever came to drop it there.

I tipped up the pot to dry, straightened a hanging-basket that hung in the ash-tree, took a peep at the grape-vine, wondered if the chrysanthemums would hold off blossoming in time for the close of the fall term of the Academy, and then, turning to go into the house, there lay the deacon's letter in the path at my feet!

"I declare," I said, in a whisper, "Eugene

Aram didn't have half the trouble hiding his dead body that I have hiding the deacon's letter."

And then I bethought me that I was wearing a loose wrapper, and all the letter had to do was to slip down to my feet.

I went to bed earlier than the girls did last night, and I guess they must have looked in my pocket after I was asleep, and read the letter, for they both seem so satisfied this morning, and the glances they exchange are very full of meaning. Well—I'll pay them back. If they don't look out I'll marry the deacon—so I will.

Two or three weeks ago one afternoon I came bustling down-stairs dressed in my new allipack, carrying my bonnet and umberel ready to go to the Sunday-school Convention, when there, sitting on the porch, was a tired, dusty, old uncle and aunt waiting the coming of my footsteps.

They were fresh from "the Indiana." It was very hard to make myself believe that this couple, Uncle Zack and Aunt Rua, with seamed faces and silvering hair, was the same blooming, pretty, hopeful pair, who, strong-handed and brave-hearted, went forth in their honeymoon twenty-five years ago to battle with poverty and privation in the wilds of a new State.

They have been blest and prospered. Their home was childless. Their hearts yearned for the love and ministry of little ones. Their empty arms reached out for them vainly.

A lovely little waif drifted toward them—its brown eyes seemed to plead, and gladly they welcomed it; then a curly-haired little midget, wild and bright and coltish found room likewise. Five years later, and a rollicking boy-baby, whose mother was dead, came to their home like a burst of song, and they had room for him, too.

The laws of the State gave them the name of the glad parents, and to-day those young ladies, and that trusty stalwart boy, are a comfort and a blessing to the declining years of their adopted parents.

I called my aunt a missionary, and told her this work had been so much better than to have wasted her over-spilling love on cats and dogs, and birds and finery. She is a real heroine—loving and unselfish.

I said, "Now, auntie, there are so many things I want to learn; and if you find me picking at you and asking questions, you must not think me impertinent." At this Uncle Zack looked down at her as though she were

something good to eat—such a devouring, loving, absorbing look; it made me wonder if Deacon Skiles ever *could* look at me that way. I thought I'd like to be looked at so.

While they were eating dinner, Uncle Zack said, as he took only a part of a cup of coffee the second time, "Don't forget, Pipesey, to have your Aunt Rua tell you just how she roasts coffee."

"Oh, now, Zack, don't," said she, blushing. "Pipesey won't thank you for meddling."

"That is the very thing I want to know," I replied, "for I do find it such hard work to make good coffee."

"Well, you make the mistake," said she, laughing, "that nearly every woman does in roasting coffee. You are bound to get it just such a color. If you find that it is likely to be too light a brown, you add a handful of chips or dry shavings to the fire, and make a quick blaze and heat up the oven, and you don't care so you get it the right color. If it is a good chestnut-brown, you are satisfied."

"Now, to roast coffee well, a smoke should never rise from it after it is thoroughly dry; no matter if it is a little lighter-colored than you wish, leave it in the oven as long as there is any heat there—that will be all that is needed—make up the loss in drying it all the more. But, remember, after it is dry don't let there be heat enough to make a smoke rise from it. I have seen coffee sending out a smoke as blue as wood would make, when taken from the oven."

I never tasted such coffee as my aunt makes, and this was what she told me about it.

We believe the best plan is to buy one's coffee, freshly roasted, from a reliable dealer. It saves a good deal of work, and we believe it is not only disagreeable, but unsafe for one whose lungs are weak. The smell is very penetrating.

One day I let my aunt make the biscuit for tea, and you may be sure I watched her to see wherein her way differed from mine.

The first thing, she put the salt in the flour, then pulverized the soda and tossed it in—didn't sift it through and through—then put in the sour milk and stirred it, and mixed it up until the whole mass adhered together, then the last thing, she added the lard, worked it in lightly and carefully through, touching with the tips of her fingers—kneaded as little as possible and put the biscuit into a hot oven. They came out light and puffy and flaky. So, pitying sisterhood, at this ripe age I, Pipesey Potts, have learned how to make good biscuit,

and if you, in your Baptist peregrinations ever come here, I'll make a pan full just to show off smart. You all know how to proportion the ingredients, a woman learns that by experience.

I write this an evening in mid July. "The reaper's song among the sheaves" comes up to me from the yellow fields of ripened grain—the musical tinkle of the machinery, and the swashy sound of the falling grain, and the distant cow-bells on the hill sides, add a dreamy charm to the sweet pastoral picture. Ida and Lily are washing dishes, and as soon as they are done we are going out to walk. Less than two miles from here in a sequestered spot on the bank of the creek is where Johnny Appleseed had a nursery in the year 1816. I used to see the place when I was a little girl, and a young woman, and I thought poor Johnny must have been a poet or he would not have selected such a romantic place. The girls were never there. I must hurry and put on my gaiters and roll down my sleeves, for they are through, and I know by the clinking of the plates they are setting the table ready for morning. I wish all you mother and daughter readers were going with us. I know the name and the upright character of Johnny Chapman are familiar to you all. Good-night.

Morning.—The walk was delightful. Because the trains were on the side track (P., Ft. W. & C. R. R.), we went around the foot of our big hill, among the oaks below the stone quarry, then across a wheat-field down to an old homestead spring under the trees. The water was delicious. We rested there a few minutes, then crossed the foot bridge, old and mossy and sunken, that led across the bayou, and were in the creek bottom among the tall, old sycamores and alders and willows.

Those sycamores are magnificent.

We three just oh'd and ah'd and dear me'd and drew each other to see this and that, then we sniffed the airs of the greenwood, and opened our eyes their very widest, and filled our arms and our handkerchiefs with curious and rare and beautiful things.

We grew very enthusiastic. The girls' hats hung on their shoulders by the ribbons, and my calash answered the purpose of a handy basket. It seemed sacrilege to keep one's head covered in such a place.

I showed them an old sycamore, and told them the story connected with it. It is a very large tree, and as hollow as the inside of a trunk.

About ten feet from the ground is a hole quite large enough to admit a man's body.

Forty years ago our neighborhood was infested by two families who were thieves and burglars and everything else that was bad. That old tree was a receptacle for stolen goods, and in that secluded spot there was little danger of detection. It almost held the contents of a small country store.

We all felt very sad when we stood in the beautiful place, quiet and dreamy, where Johnny's nursery had been. At the time he dug and tolled and watched the growth of his young trees, that wildwood spot must have been an exquisite little nook.

A patch of prairie lay on one side, tall sycamores sheltered it on the east and south, while the creek ran near enough on the west, that its bubble of waters must have fallen with a low, lulling sound on his ears.

We brought home some of the sycamore bark that lay on the ground like half-open scrolls that had been tossed by the wind. Then we gathered lillies from the pond, and the sweet-smelling green blades of the calamus, and hands full of the ripening wheat-heads and barley and oats, and Hungarian and sickle and swamp-grasses for winter bouquets, and the tinted boughs of the buckeye that flamed out like crimson blazes among the rank, luxuriant growth of green things. I gathered a lot of calamus root for myself. It is so good to carry to meeting to nibble at, and keep one's eyes open until the preacher wades through his "seventhly and lastly."

Those tinted leaves are being dried now. They will make beautiful wreaths and crosses to look upon in the cold winter, oh, they will almost swing back into our cold blue faces the glory of the summer time!

Save all the pretty leaves you find, girls, and all the finely-shaped ones, and in the fall I will tell you what to make of them. Put them to press in an old atlas or pub. doc., change them every few days to a dry place in the book. Oh, we'll make our sitting-rooms smile and rejoice in the bleak winter, wont we, dears? But if your working mothers call them "trash," and your fathers "*nonsense*," don't mind 'em, keep them out of their sight and way; they don't mean half as much as they would make believe. Still, if they are in real earnest, and make a great fuss, why then don't have them at all; just be patient and hopeful, and wait and trust, and work all the harder for that wreath whose leaves and flowers will never fade. I know there are some parents who are

afraid of over indulging their children and making them lazy. I only wish such parents could carry all their worldly luggage with them when they go hence.

And, girls, while we are sitting round talking among ourselves, allow me to tell you in a neighborly way one thing that you ought to know without anybody telling you of it. You should have learned it from your preacher, or your school teacher, long ago.

The best of you will say, "I was raised in Chester County," or, "I was raised"—somewhere else. No, you were not raised either—you didn't eat pap out of a pail like a weaned calf, neither did you guzzle buttermilk out of a trough like a pig; calves and pigs and animals are raised—people are *brought up*. You must say, "I was brought up," and you must teach your little scholars and your brothers and sisters to say the same. It don't look very lady-like, or very much like a gentleman, to say they were *raised*. I always keep an eye on that kind of people, for fear they'll bite off the flowers or root in the posie beds.

And, girls, really, I believe you don't sing enough. I never hear you sing; you poke about as glum as eels. Why this village at the foot of the hill ought to be like a great lark's nest. Your songs ought to come up here to my home and make me gladder an' gladder every day for the joy that wells up from your lips. Sometimes in the evening I hear a mother sing, "By-o-baby," or "Hush-a-by baby," but that's all—a sleepy, droning song, that makes me look longingly over my shoulder at the undented pillows in the bedroom yonder.

Sing, and keep off the wrinkles, and the droop of the eyelids, and the downward tendency of the curving lips; sing, and make the steps in the household trip a little lighter, and make the song so full of magnetism that somebody's merry voice will catch up the refrain.

Only this morning a carriage dashed by containing two gentlemen; the horses went at a spanking rate, and that new old song, the "Star Spangled Banner," rose on the morning air most gloriously.

I was cleaning a mess of beans out under the cherry-trees, and, before I knew it, the enthusiastic half of me, Miss Potts, was singing the patriotic song as lively as a boy on a Saturday afternoon.

Lily was papering the jelly away up-stairs in a corner room, and Ida was in the old house wood-shed renovating some hens' nests, and they both struck up the song in a way that

VOL. XL.—12.

would have made Francis Scott Key feel his immortality and the weight and worth of his fame.

"What made those men sing, do you suppose?" said Sissy. "Were they drunk?"

"Yes," said I, the least bit nettled; "that kind of intoxication that is good for both soul and body. Think of the beautiful way for two miles back, shaded by stately trees—a winding up-and-down hill road—of the mercury ninety-eight and a fraction degrees yesterday in the coolest shade—why, this early, breezy, exhilarating morning ride is enough to bring forth 'Old Hundred' or the 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

One time last summer the two girls and Cousin Hat and I went away to the hills in our buggy to spend the day. Two sat on the seat, and two dangled from the back part of the vehicle. It was very funny and very enjoyable. When I grew tired of dangling, I walked awhile. I was passing a little, low, log cabin—the poor home of a drunkard—bare, and bleak, and desolate. My heart was rent with sorrow as I thought of the family—the pretty girl whom he married twenty years before, and of the growing children, whose legacy would be such a sad one.

Just as I passed the house a brown-eyed girl about seventeen years of age, who sat patching on the little back porch, poured forth the melody of that blessed old hymn, claimed and loved by all denominations, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand."

It was very full and rich and sweet, sung by that untaught country girl. One could not call her voice uncultivated, nor criticize it unkindly, any more than could the marvellously sweet song of the robin be called faulty, or rasping, or incomplete. I passed the house out of sight of the lowly door, and leaned on the smooth rail fence and listened, enraptured.

Oh, I wished that the angels might sing the old tune of "Piagah" in Heaven!—that all these new songs, full of jumps and starts and odd quirks and grimaces, would stay on the earth where they originated, and never get up there to make discord. When she came to the last verse, the highest flight in the song, I had to sing with her. I guess she thought it was only an imperfect echo from the woodeys' peaked hill across the road.

Well, if there is such power in a song, such magnetism, we must remember that a good laugh is full of electricity likewise.

I never shall forget a laugh I heard one day last week.

Old Uncle Joe Weirick and his wife and sons' wives were going to the village, and it seemed the women wanted to drive. They had two broad-backed, fat farm horses hitched to the big wagon, and to give the women full liberty and free possession, Uncle Joe sat with his feet outside of the wagon and his back turned to the horses.

The women flipped the lines and their sun-bonnets fluttered, and they dashed along at a very satisfactory rate. Just as they came in front of our house, the horses stopped and stood as still as gravestones. The women jerked the lines, and whee'd and whay'ed and cracked the whip, and grew redder an' redder. The jolly old man just doubled over, with his hands on his sides, and tried not to laugh aloud, but the pent-up merriment burst out all over his face. When he could catch his breath he made some kind of a little clucking signal, and the horses started on.

Pretty soon, and just while the women were showing great dexterity in driving, they met a carriage full of gay ladies and gentlemen. Plump!—came the horses to a dead, dumb stand-still right in the middle of the road! The women chirked and twitched the lines, and snapped the lash, but the horses didn't mind it as much as they'd mind a half-dozen gnats.

Jolly old Joe just spread out and leaned over this way, and that way, and laughed long and loud and jubilant. He leaned backward and forward, and shook his head, and swayed about, and it was the merriest and roundest, and fullest and funniest laugh that I ever did hear.

It was so good, and so natural and hearty, and withal so full of music, that we couldn't help joining him. We really had no right to his fun at all, but it was so contagious we caught it before we knew it.

Since that laugh I feel as though I'd like to be friends with Father Weirick, and when I saw him coming up street with a new cupboard in his wagon the other evening, I hurried and put a bow of ribbon in my hair, and rolled up my sleeves, and took a little pail, and was gathering the ruby clusters of currants at the roadside, when he passed. I smiled my sweetest, and bowed graciously, and said, "Good-evening, uncle." He shone out honestly, and tipped his hat, and said, "Miss Potts, good-evenin'."

The first letter I opened last night, when the news was tossed into my lap, was one from a

bereft mother, an old neighbor of mine, who, in dire distress came to me for condolence. The first words were: "Dear friend, I have sad news to tell you. Lucy, my little cherry-picker, is no more! She died of scarlet fever on Tuesday evening, at half-past ten."

I could read no further for wondering who would help the sorrowing mother pick cherries now. It was a great loss just in the midst of the cherry season.

Mothers should be careful, and not allow such repulsive pet names as "toady," or "monkey," or "rat," to grow in their tender household love until they are associated and in-linked with the winsome babyhood of their children. It may be well enough to them, but it is ridiculous to those not interested.

I was sitting out on the veranda the other day, talking with Brother Jenkins—he had been preaching a funeral sermon down at the Willows, and called here for his dinner on his way home. He was joking me about Deacon Skiles. He said it was going to be nip and tuck 'tween me and old Rhoda Bowles which would get the deacon. I laughed and pretended I didn't care much, but I might as well own up that I didn't like so very well to see this last chance slipping away from me this way.

By spells all summer I have suffered so with neuralgia that it did seem I must have that upper front tooth extracted—but then, if I do, it will hurt my appearance so—my upper lip will suck in, and the lower one stick out and make me look as though I was sulking all the time. If there is anything in the world I dislike, it is a sulky woman, or one who seems to sulk. If that tooth comes out, my smile will be gone—the smile that has been the charm of my girlhood, and the crown of my womanhood. Who would care for me then? My hair has been coming out, too, all summer, and my face begins to have an old, leathery look, as tough as though I'd been a glassblower or worked in a furnace all my life.

No, I must consider Deacon Skiles's case in dead earnest, for it is very sad to think of old age, lone and unloved, with no one to shake up the pillows and arrange the cushions and call me pet names.

Brother Jenkins sat there pinching the dead rose-buds, and a smirk nestled at the corners of his mouth while he joked me about the deacon.

As I sat there talking and trying to keep up appearances, I chanced to look down toward

Sister Bodkin's and there, from her window, floated the signal that meant "come."

I rode down that far with Brother Jenkins when he went home.

Sister Bodkin had just returned from a visit to her relatives. She had a great many new things to tell me, and I was very much interested until it came to this: "You see I had never visited my sister Prudy since she married the second time, a rich, old, retired merchant with two grown daughters, who are educated, accomplished ladies. I felt a little delicacy in going there for fear they were proud and so grand they'd hardly notice me. But I was very much mistaken. Why, they are just as common as anybody! I never saw such a nicely furnished parlor. Why you'd sink ankle deep into the plushy carpet! I was glad the step-daughters were not proud. One of them had on slippers with the heels all run down flat, don't you think! and the other's dress was slit in two places half way up the skirt, and she had no collar on, and, though it was 'leven o'clock, her hair was wadded up just as it was when she first got out of bed."

I thought I'd give Sister Bodkin a good cut while I was about it, so I said: "Dear me, what a precious pair of dirty slovens your new nieces are! why, I should think you would have taken a mortal dislike to them. I'm sure I would! All the riches and grandeur in the world couldn't excuse or palliate such carelessness. Not so very much educated or accomplished, after all, were they, Sister Bodkin?—ha, ha, ha!"

Oh, she grew as red and angry, and rose right up and lifted a pot of geraniums and placed it in the sunshiny window.

What is poverty compared to such dirty grandeur? and what is mere book learning and twiddling accomplishments when compared to good sense and good judgment?

Afraid of such girls! Better be afraid of the trim little Dutch girl in the kitchen, in her clean, starched, nine-pence calico, and white apron, and neat collar.

Sister Bodkin was miffed—I can tell when her feathers are ruffled. She looks like an important old bumble-bee in a frosty morning, sets her head as though she had a bone in her neck, and waddles around as stiffly.

Afraid of her new relations! better be ashamed of them!

So, if she had anything new to tell me—any new recipes, or nice patterns, or some plan for benevolent operations in the mite society,

or the sewing circle, she didn't tell it that time.

I put on my calash and flared my umbarel open like a great blue tent and started home, chewing a little piece of dill. Oh, it'll all be right the next time I see her! She'll not stay mad at me very long. Sister Bodkin is one of the pillars in the church, so she is. She is too good a woman to hold spite. I have often heard her tell her experiments in meeting, and she knows she has a high temper, and she is sorry for it. We all have our ups and downs the same as Sister Bodkin has. We are all likely to go astray.

RESPECT FOR WOMANHOOD.

"BUT," you say, "Americans are celebrated, the world over, for their respect for women." No, they are not. Americans are famous for their respect for ladies, but not for women. If there comes into the cabin a very sweet and comely young lady, well dressed, there are a dozen persons who are more than willing to offer her a seat. If the car is crowded, and a stately maiden comes in and walks through, a great many men feel called to offer her a seat, because she is a lady. But when a poor Irish woman, poorly clad and weary, walks through the car or cabin, nobody cares for her, because she is only a woman. If it were a lady a seat would be offered her at once. Now, I say that you ought to respect womanhood. No matter how a woman looks she is of the same sex as your mother, as your sister, as your wife, if you are married, and as your daughter, if you have children. I feel to the very depths of my being, that womanhood itself, without regard to the frivolity of some and without regard to age, is essentially to be respected, and that man is less than a man who does not feel the instinct and the sentiment and does not act according to it.—H. W. Beecher.

TRYING to rise by wickedness is like climbing a lightning-rod, blistering the hands by the operation, and getting pierced at the top only to be in constant danger of being struck by a shaft.

If a man has got any religion worth having, he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty kettle that rattles.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

COMFORTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TALKS WITH A CHILD."

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO years had passed. The baby, after his recovery from scarlet fever, gained his usual health, the disease having left no sad record of its existence. Daily he grew in infantile beauty, and daily twined some new tendril of his outreaching life with that of one he knew only by the sweet name of "Mother."

Two years had passed. I was spending a day with Mrs. Langdon. We were sitting in the nursery, and the baby, now a healthy, happy boy just entering his third summer, was playing about the room. We had been talking on various themes suggested by social, personal, and public matters, when in a pause of the conversation I saw an absent look come into my friend's face. Her eyes seemed to be gazing afar off, but inwardly. She sat very still. I did not break by word or movement the reverie into which she had fallen. Presently the baby came and leaned upon her, looking into her face.

"Mamma," he said, and put up his hands to be taken.

She lifted him into her arms in a quiet, half unconscious way, and drew his head down upon her shoulder. He was tired with playing, and in a few moments went off to sleep.

"My precious child!" said Mrs. Langdon, rousing herself, as soon as she became aware that he had fallen asleep. And she kissed him with a warmth of manner that showed more than usual excitement of feeling. Then laying him across her lap, she gazed upon him lovingly, yet with something in her countenance that caused me to observe her more closely. Again she bent down, and held her lips long upon his forehead. I saw tears in her eyes, and a quiver of emotion in her face, as she lifted herself.

"I don't know what has come over me to-day, Agnes dear!" she said, only half repressing a sob that swelled in her throat. "My own baby—"

She broke down, sobbing and weeping passionately. I had never seen her so disturbed but once before.

"Is with the angels," I said, softly.

"Oh, yes, dear, I know that!" she answered after this unusual tide of feeling had begun to ebb, and she could speak in an even tone. "I know all that, and thank God for it! But he has seemed to be very near me all day; and I have found myself wondering so many times how he looks—if he are still a sweet, little, helpless baby, or a bright, loving, happy boy like this one. I remember what

you said once about babies growing up in Heaven, and at last coming to the full stature of angels; and something in my heart tells me that it must be so. Well, to-day—oh, so many times!—I have had in my mind a picture of him playing about the room with Charlie; and more than once it was so real that I thought he was actually present to my natural vision."

"God is very good," I returned, "and ready to bless us in all possible ways—only withholding what, in our blindness or selfishness, we would use to our hurt. It is a spiritual law that, thought of another, in some way gives conscious nearness or presence. And so, I doubt not that thinking of your baby in Heaven has often brought him so near to you that, if your inner eyes had been opened, you would have seen him."

"Dear baby!" she exclaimed, with trembling eagerness. "What would I not give to see him!"

"As tender and helpless as when the Lord took him?" I asked.

"Yes, as tender and helpless and sweet, so that I could have him just here!" and she drew her hands tightly over her bosom.

I said no more for awhile. Out of the past had come memories of the old states of inexpressible delight; and she longed to have them renewed. They could do her no harm now. In the living present she was doing the work set for her by the Father in Heaven, and He would take care of the past, so that no memory thereof should have power to shadow her soul.

A soft light shone in the eyes of Mrs. Langdon; peace rested on her tranquil face; the old state was passing away.

"It is all right, and for the best. I would not have it changed," she said, speaking very calmly.

"Dear baby in Heaven! Safe from all harm, and blessed beyond anything in the power of this world to give! It was for myself that I so longed just now to have him again in my arms. But would it not be cruel in me to bring him back if I could? The love that would do this I can now see to be only a selfish love. My gain would be his loss."

"All women are not so favored," I said.

"How?" she asked.

"You have given an angel to Heaven; yet have not lost the mother's reward on earth. If he were bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh, this baby on your lap could not be dearer than he is."

"No, not dearer. That were impossible!" she replied, looking down upon him with love-lighted eyes.

In the smile that rested like a faint sunbeam on her face, in the tranquil brow and lips, you read the story of inward peace. All the old yearnings for the lost one had been absorbed in her new life.

Divine love had come into her heart through the door opened for human love to go out. For the weak, half-blind, imperfect human love she gave at first in constraint of duty, God had blessed her with a love so rich, that it filled her life with a sweetness and satisfaction beyond the power of words to describe.

It so happened, that not long after this interview with my friend whom God had comforted, I had occasion to see Mrs. Mansfield, who was mentioned in the previous chapter. Her baby had now been dead for nearly two years, and in all that time she had mourned its loss with a sorrow that would not be comforted. For the first four or five months of this period she so shrouded herself in gloom that no one could come near her without being touched by a depressing influence. The very sunlight was banished from her dwelling. And it was now said of her that no one had ever seen her smile since the death of her baby.

Mr. Mansfield, once known as a cheery, sympathetic man, pleasant to meet, had become silent and moody; and it was reported that a coldness had grown up between himself and wife. The report was not, as I had reason to know, without foundation.

I found Mrs. Mansfield, on the occasion now referred to, sitting alone and reading. She laid her book aside in a slow, listless kind of way as I entered, and rising, took my hand, but without any return of the pressure I gave. She looked at me with pensive eyes, and a face in which you saw little except weariness and discontent.

"How are you?" I asked.

"Oh, about as usual," she replied. "I never know what it is to feel very well."

"You stay at home too much," I said.

"Perhaps I do; but what is there to take me out? I don't go into company, and one soon drifts away from society when this is the case."

"But why not?" I asked. "Society has claims on us all."

An expression of surprise came into her face, accompanied by a slight flush, as if a ripple of anger had moved across the surface of her feelings.

"I have nothing to give society," was her strange reply.

"If that be so, your case is exceptional," I replied, smiling so as not to let the reproof in my words push her away from me. She answered with some disturbance of manner.

"I have lost all interest in the things that most interest the people I happen to know. I have nothing to do with fashions; and my soul turns away from all the gay frivolities of social life. I am out of place almost everywhere except at home."

"But you need not be, Mrs. Mansfield," I ventured to say.

"You do not know," she replied quickly, and I thought, a little impatiently. "I am not what I was, and never expect to be." Her voice lowered to a sad monotone. "When the light went out of

my life, it left me sitting in utter darkness—a darkness on which no sun can ever rise. When God took my baby from me, he left me comfortless."

"He left you," I could not help saying, "a mother's heart full to overflowing of love."

"To stagnate," she said, bitterly.

"Not unless you willed it so."

"I had no election in the case. He took my baby, and I had nothing to love. I was helpless, and in despair."

"It was not so with Mrs. Langdon," I suggested.

I was hardly prepared for the quick change this sentence produced. A look, part scorn and part contempt, swept across her face.

"Do you think," she said, almost angrily, "that I could forget my baby?—that I could give his place to another? Oh, no!"

What could I say? The mother-love with which God dowered her when he gave her an immortal soul to nurture for Heaven, had been shut up in her heart, where all its strong impulses, like caged birds, had ever since struggled for escape, beating and bruising her heart, until what had been given for blessing had become a curse. I felt the task of lifting her out of the darkness and misery in which she dwelt—a hopeless one, so far as I was concerned; at least, hopeless then; and so did not press the subject further. Enough that I have shown the reader her state of mind in contrast with that of Mrs. Langdon; and the reader is left to say which of the two bereaved mothers was wisest; which best served her God as a Christian woman; which was most loyal to her own baby, and which was happiest?

HOW TO PUT CHILDREN TO BED.

NOT with a reproof for any of that day's omission or commission. Take any other time but bed-time for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows, lacking both. Let them at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If you have ever met the man or the woman whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home dignity and severity stood where love and pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much love not one.

Common souls pay with what they do, nobler souls with that which they are.—Emerson.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

WE REAP WHAT WE SOW.

FOR pleasure or pain, for weal or for woe—
'Tis the law of our being—we reap as we sow;
We may try to evade them, may do what we will,
But our acts, like our shadows, will follow us still.

The world is a wonderful chemist, be sure,
And detects in a moment the base or the pure;
We may boast of our claims to genius or birth,
But the world takes a man for just what he is worth.

We start in the race for fortune or fame,
And then, when we fall, the world bears the blame;
But nine times out of ten, 'tis plain to be seen,
There's a "screw somewhere loose" in the human machine.

Are you wearied and worn in this hard, earthly strife?
Do you yearn for affection to sweeten your life?
Remember this great truth has often been proved,
We must make ourselves lovable, would we be loved.

Though life may appear as a desolate track,
Yet the bread that we cast on the water comes back.
This law was enacted by Heaven above,
That like attracts like, and love begets love.

We are proud of our mansions of mortar and stone,
In our gardens are flowers from every zone;
But the beautiful graces which blossom within
Grow shriveled and die in the Upas of Sin.

We make ourselves heroes and martyrs for gold,
Till health becomes broken, and youth becomes old.
Ah! did we the same for a beautiful love,
Our lives might be music for angels above.

We reap what we sow—oh, wonderful truth!—
A truth hard to learn in the days of our youth;
But it shines out at last, as the "hand on the wall,"
For the world has its "debit" and "credit" for all.

MY DARLINGS.

BY ALICE CARY.

MY Rose, so red and round,
My Daisy, darling of the summer weather.
You must go down now, and keep house together,
Low underground!

O little silver line
Of meadow water, ere the cloud rise darkling
Slip out of sight, and with your comely sparkling
Make their hearth shine.

Leaves of the garden bowers,
The frost is coming soon—your prime is over;
So gently fall, and make a soft, warm cover
To house my flowers.

Lithe willow, too, forego
The crown that makes you queen of woodland graces,
Nor leave the winds to shear the lady tresses
From your drooped brow.

Oak, held by strength apart
From all the trees, stop now your stems from growing,
And send the sap, while yet 'tis bravely flowing,
Back to your heart.

(176)

And ere the autumn sleet
Freeze into ice, or sift to bitter snowing,
Make compact with your peers for overstrawing
My darlings sweet.

So when their sleepy eyes
Shall be unlocked by May with rainy kisses,
They to the sweet renewal of old blisses
Refreshed may rise.

Lord, in that evil day,
When my own wicked thoughts, like thieves, waylay
me,
Or when pricked conscience rises up to slay me,
Shield me, I pray.

Ay, when the storm shall drive,
Spread Thy two blessed hands like leaves above
me,
And with Thy great love, though none else should
love me,
Save me alive.

Heal with Thy peace my strife;
And as the poet with his golden versing
Lights his low house, give me, Thy praise rehears-
ing,
To light my life.

Shed down Thy grace in showers,
And if some roots of good, at Thy appearing,
Be found in me, transplant them for the rearing
Of heavenly flowers.

JUST PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

BEFORE you place on your neighbor
The stigma of his disgrace,
Just try to balance your judgment,
By putting yourself in his place.

Look well at his surroundings,
At his pleasures and his cares;
Don't curse the man with your curses,
When he can be saved by prayers.

Look at his strength—his weakness—
Test the surging of his blood;
Does it flow like a gentle streamlet,
Or rush like a turbulent flood?

Perchance all the earthly training
Of the man was the kind to bend
His mind in the crooked channel
That led to the bitter end.

It may be in a single hour
Some powerful impulse came,
It may be for actions of others
That he is now bearing the shame.

Then look with tenderest mercy
On the erring of our race;
And ere you pass judgment upon him
Just "put yourself in his place."

TOILET AND WORK-TABLE.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE fashion editor of *Demorest's Monthly*, speaking of the probable changes in the fashions, says:

"We see very little chance of any change in fashion except in the direction of additional luxury. The improvements in art, the accumulation of industries, the increasing wealth of the nation and of individuals, all point in one direction, and that is to beauty, elegance, and variety in dress, and to an increase rather than a decrease of all the refinements of social life."

The same writer goes on very sensibly to say:

"What we have got to learn is not how to reduce everything to a uniform simplicity, but how to acquire a sense of fitness, which will adapt our dress to times and seasons, and places and circumstances."

"The democratic idea that one person is just as good as another, that one has just as much right to wear silk and lace as another, runs the best things into the ground."

"Poor girls sacrifice necessities to procure some coveted piece of finery, and are compelled to wear it on every occasion."

"Women but with one silk dress and lace collar, wear them every time they go into the street; and when they want a 'best,' have none."

"Fashionable women exhaust the resources of art and nature, get tired to death of the monotony of always being 'dressed up,' yet never think of filling up their lives with useful occupations, or arranging some part of their dress in accordance with regular system and method."

The fall fashions are still undecided. During the greater part of September the summer modes and summer materials still prevail.

Bonnets will probably be a trifle larger, and hats promise to have still higher crowns. In fact, we are promised a revival of the stately "Rubens" of generations back, in black velvet, jet ornaments, and black ostrich feathers as the most stylish hat for the coming winter. The fall hat will probably be a compromise between this and the present styles.

Veils are large and triangular in shape, made in dotted or plain Brussels net and edged with wide Spanish lace in decided patterns. This veil may also be used as a scarf or *fichu*, fastened low at the back in a number of folds, the fastening concealed by a cluster of bows, while the ends are crossed in front and fastened just below the necktie by a bow or brooch.

Dolly Vardens have had, after all, a brief reign. They were inexpensive, and when tastefully made were pretty. But they were susceptible of such

exaggerations that the public soon tired of them. Still, however, the pretty chintzes, challés, and other goods in brilliant colors, and really graceful and elegant patterns, will probably be utilized for house wear with very pleasing effect.

Neither under nor overskirts are now lined, not even in the most expensive dresses. Underskirts are cut short enough to escape touching the ground, only the vulgar, the ignorant and the *demi-monde* tolerate the trail upon the streets.

Skirts that wash are almost uniformly gathered instead of pleated.

Coat sleeves, tight to the arm, will be worn the ensuing fall and winter. They will be trimmed by a puff at the top of the sleeve and another near the elbow.

Black velvet ribbon will be used as flat trimming the coming season. French folds of the same material as the dress will also be fashionable.

We have noticed a new style of trimming, intended especially for black alpacas and mohairs, which is exceedingly pretty. It can be bought ready-made in these goods, and is called the "National Dress Trimming." A gracefully-arranged puff is finished on either side by two heavily corded pipings. This trimming is especially suited for fall costumes, and not inappropriate for winter wear. We think the same design could be introduced in silk with good effect.

This plan of furnishing trimmings ready made is an excellent one, and one which will meet the especial approval of those women who are their own seamstresses, and who find to their sorrow that "making the trimming takes longer than making the dress."

There is still one need unsupplied, which some enterprising manufacturer will yet find it to his or her interest to attend to. And that is the putting in the market cording ready made, in plain colors and all materials. It would be no difficult matter to weave a narrow strip with a tolerably heavy cord at one edge; and if woven after the manner of braid, it would have all the necessary tension and elasticity. There is no dressmaker who would not gladly avail herself of an opportunity to obtain her welting cord ready made, if the cost were reasonable, and thus save herself one of the real, though trifling annoyances of her business.

Among the latest fabrics imported, is a soft, checked silk, as light and pleasant for wear as the foulard, and evidently of superior durability. It is about twenty inches in width, and though about thirty-five yards may be required for a costume, it will not be an expensive dress, as the silk sells at sixty-five cents per yard. It comes in checks of black and white, brown, purple, slate, and all the colors usually mixed with white in like materials.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DEPARTMENT.

PRUDENT HOUSEWIFERY.

A WESTERN correspondent gives us the following sketch of an excellent housewife of her acquaintance, who, by her industry, economy, and thrift, materially aided her husband to obtain success in business.

"I wish," she writes, "we could have some practical lectures or articles on economical house-keeping."

[Does not our correspondent find Pipsy Potts' inimitable "Other People's Windows," very nearly the thing she desires?]

"Many do as well as they know how, never having been taught that it is the little leaks, unheeded, which sink the ship, just as surely as those larger ones so manifest to all.

"I have in mind a friend who has been at the head of a household for more than twenty years. She commenced with her husband with only a few hundred dollars. She was young, energetic, and economical—not stingy or mean, yet sure that nothing was left to waste, even in the most minute quantities. No broken victuals were thrown away, but were returned to the table in some more appetizing form. Old garments were remodeled, or, if not needed, given to those whom they would benefit.

"Every week the freshly-ironed clothes were carefully looked over. Every article that needed a stitch was laid in her work-basket to be mended before it was put away. In this way her clothing was made to last twice as long as some of her neighbors; yet her family always looked neat and well cared for.

"When garments were so thoroughly worn as not to be of further service, she would carefully rip off all buttons, hooks, eyes, tapes, etc., put them in small boxes kept for the purpose, ready for the next garment needing them; rip the garment to pieces, laying aside the best for mending or for old patchwork quilts. Strips too thin for anything else were put in a bag for carpet-rags or rugs. If she did not need them herself she always found those who did. The scraps, good for nothing else, went into the rag-bag.

"In all these ways she helped, comforted, and sustained her husband, until he felt that she was necessary to his very existence—that the comforts and wealth that came to them in their later days were mainly owing to her good management.

"I might fill a volume with instances of her success. Would that every girl in the land could have such a mother. I think poverty would soon be a thing unknown."

The only exception we take to the method of the lady described above is in saving portions of old

garments for patchwork quilts. We have strong doubts whether "old patchwork quilts" pay for the time and labor expended upon them. A partially worn dress skirt made before the fashion of gored skirts came in, may perform tolerable service in a comfort, which is quickly made, and either tied or quilted in a large pattern. We prefer the latter way, making it thin, so it can be easily washed when dirty without taking the time and trouble to rip it apart. But to cut up old material into patchwork is labor thrown away.

Again, if she had torn her pieces reserved for carpet-rags into strips at once, she would have saved herself great apparent labor.

It is no small task to sit down deliberately to the cutting of rags sufficient for a carpet, and generally all the scissors in the house, to say nothing of one's wrist, give out before the job is done. But if every scrap of rag is torn or cut into strips when it is first laid aside, the time expended is not noticed. And when the housekeeper is ready to go at her carpet she has only the sewing to do—a trifling affair. Rag-carpet making would lose much of its terrors were this plan pursued.

RECEIPTS.

A CHEAP FAMILY PUDDING.—One pound of flour, one pound of suet, chopped fine, three-quarters of a pound of treacle or sugar, one pound of carrots and potatoes, well boiled and mashed together, half-pound of raisins, three-quarters of a pound of bread crumbs; spice, flavoring, and peel optional. Mix the whole together with a little water; it must not be too stiff, and certainly not too moist. Rub a basin well with dripping, and boil for eight hours.

EVE'S PUDDING.—Six eggs, six apples, six ounces of bread crumbs, four ounces of sugar, a little salt, six ounces of currants, a nutmeg. Three hours will boil it.

TURNOVERS.—Flour, two pounds; lard, one pound; salt, half a teaspoonful; water enough to make paste. Roll thin to about the size of a tin plate. Take any berries you like, and lay them in the centre of the crust, turn over the crust, lap the edges together, lay in tin pie-pans, and bake.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Soak two tablespoonfuls of tapioca over night in just enough water to cover it. In the morning, boil one quart of milk with the tapioca, add two-thirds of a cup of sugar, a little salt, and the beaten yolks of three eggs; stir them in the milk, and remove from the fire. On the top put the three whites, beaten to a stiff froth, and flavor to taste. To be eaten cold.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE RIVAL COLLECTION OF PROSE AND POETRY, for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Public Readers. By Martin Larkin. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.

We have seen few school readers which in any manner approximated our ideal of what such a book should be. Many, in fact, seemed to fail in almost every respect to meet the needs of the young student. But the volume before us proves an exception to the general rule. The selections, both prose and poetry, are made with special reference to the elocutionary training of the young voice, while they are at the same time from the very highest literary sources, and are such as will interest as well as instruct. It is, in fact, a literary repository in which are treasured the best and choicest productions of modern English and American authors, and which is worthy a place in any library.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. A Novel. By William T. Adams (Oliver Optic). Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Mr. Adams has departed from his usual style of juvenile books and attempted a novel for grown up people, which seems in every respect to do him credit. His stories for boys were always interesting and attractive to people of larger growth, so that when he attempts to write for the latter specially there is no reason why he should fail. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE PASTOR OF THE DESERT, Jean JAROUSSEAU. By Eugene Pelletan. Translated from the French. New York: Dodd & Mead.

A true story, which reads like romance, of the persecutions endured by Protestant pastors in France during the years preceding the French Revolution. The story is written by a grandson of Jaroiseau, who claims, with excellent reason, to have the best authority for all that he states.

EMMA BROWNING; OR, THE LEIGHTON HOMESTEAD. A Novel. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, author of "Tempest and Sunshine," etc. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co.

The merits of Mrs. Holmes as a novelist are too well known to need any special praise from us. She writes domestic stories, not, perhaps, of the highest literary order of merit, but excellent in character, of a high moral tone, and always possessing a deep degree of interest. For sale in Philadelphia by Porter & Coates.

ADOPTED. By Mrs. E. J. Richmond, author of "The Harwoods," etc. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House.

A temperance story, which will be found both pleasant and profitable reading. For sale in Philadelphia by J. C. Garrigues & Co., 604 and 608 Arch Street.

A BAKER'S DOZEN. Original Humorous Dialogues. By George M. Baker, author of "Amateur Dramas," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

These dialogues have been written with special reference to their use in school exhibitions and private theatricals. The number of characters are limited, and the accessories of scenery and costumes simple and easily arranged; while there is nothing morally objectionable in the plays themselves. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL, compiled from authentic sources. By David Pulsifer, A.M. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

This little book, which is accompanied by a map of Boston and Charlestown as they then were, showing the positions occupied by the contending forces, has been carefully prepared from sources of information derived from both sides. It is supplemented by a letter to England by General Burgoyne, giving his view of the whole affair.

We have received from the publisher, Samuel R. Wells, the initial number of a new health journal, called "*The Science of Health*." It is to be a new monthly, devoted to health on hygienic principles. The table of contents for this number is a specially interesting one, and it seems just such a magazine as every household should have if it would be sparing of doctors' bills. Its terms are \$2.00 a year.

A MILLION TOO MUCH. A Temperance Tale. By Mrs. Julia McNair Wright. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Mrs. Wright is one of our best writers of temperance stories. The present volume is, we think, superior to her former efforts. She describes the sad effects which may result from the inheritance of wealth, especially ill-gotten wealth. She shows how evil appetites may be inherited, and these appetites stimulated to activity by injudicious causes. The book is an exceedingly interesting one, and ought to be productive of much good.

THREE GENERATIONS. By Sarah A. Emery. Illustrated by L. B. Humphrey. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

This is a story of New England life, dating back a number of years. The pictures it draws of the times and the people are graphic; and the entire story is one of interest.

FAIR WOMEN. A Story of English Life. By Mrs. Forester. Boston: Loring.

A story in which the peculiar traits of English life—the unconquerable pride of birth and station—are exemplified in a striking manner. Although it

is well and pleasantly written, and has a sufficiently attractive plot, it is not a story which deserves the special admiration of Americans. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

LITTLE GRANDMOTHER. By Sophie May. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

The fourth volume of "Little Prudy's Flyaway Series," written, as every one knows, by one of the very best writers of juvenile literature in the country. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

UNCLAIMED. A Story of English Life. By an English woman. Boston: Loring.

An English story of average merit, which will please the general reader. It is not sensational in character, but rather domestic with touches of

pathos in some parts of it which will excite the sympathies of the reader.

THE INTERNATIONAL RAILWAY AND STEAM NAVIGATION GUIDE. Montreal: C. R. Christolm & Bros. United States Agency, New England News Company, Boston, Mass.

We have received the July number of this Railway Guide, and find it thorough and complete on all the railroads in the United States and Canada. It contains also numerous advertisements of important steamship lines, which will be found convenient for reference to the traveller.

We have received from the office of the *Golden Age* a copy of the "Proceedings of the Liberal Republican Convention," held in Cincinnati, May 1st, 2d, and 3d, 1872. The pamphlet also contains Horace Greeley's Letter of Acceptance, and the "Address of the New York State Committee to their Fellow Citizens."

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

A CHAPTER FROM MACDONALD.

The chapter from George MacDonald's "Vicar's Daughter,"—now appearing in the *Sunday Magazine*—which we give in this number of the *Home*, will be found novel and suggestive. The truth sought to be conveyed might have been stated in a few plain sentences; but these would have failed, from their very plainness, to arrest the degree of attention sought to be awakened in the reader's mind. Marion, the character introduced, is a young girl of education and taste, singularly gifted, who is devoting her life to the poor and ignorant living among them, and helping them in all possible ways, but especially seeking to lift them up toward God.

The chapter describes one of her Sunday evenings with those people, and her way of leading their minds out of the darkness and ignorance in which they were immersed, into some clearer light. The comparison of our life in this world to the scaffold of a building, which is only the means to an end, is well drawn. "Suppose," she says, "God were building a palace for you, and had set up a scaffold, upon which He wanted you to help Him, would it be reasonable for you to complain that you didn't find the scaffold at all a comfortable place to live in?—that it was draughty and cold? This world is that scaffold; and if you were busy carrying stones and mortar for the palace, you would be glad of all the cold to cool the glow of your labor. * * * * God wants to build you a house whereof the walls shall be goodness; you want a house whereof the walls shall be comfort. But God knows that such walls cannot be built—that that kind of stone crumbles away in the foolish workman's hands. He would make you

comfortable; but neither is that His first object, nor can it be gained without the first, which is to make you good. He loves you so much that He would infinitely rather have you good and uncomfortable—for then He could take you to His heart as His own children—than comfortable and not good, for then He could not come near you, nor give you anything He counted worth having for Himself or worth giving to you. * * * It comes to this, that when God would build a palace for Himself to dwell in with His children, He does not want His scaffold so constructed that they shall be able to make a house of it for themselves, and live like apes instead of angels."

WINE DRUNKARDS.

A great deal has been said about the sobriety of the people in wine-drinking countries. Two or three years ago, Dr. Holland, after returning from Europe, gave a strong contradiction to the oft-repeated assertion that in France, Switzerland and Germany, where light wines were the common beverage of the people, drunkenness was but little known. He was very direct and explicit in his denial; and he spoke from a wide and careful observation.

Abundant testimony to the same effect has ever and over been given. But recent temperance legislation in France settles the question. It appears that drunkenness is so wide-spread among the people of that country, that measures looking to its prevention have been introduced into the Assembly. But, there, as elsewhere, in most cases, the proposal is to deal with the effect and not the cause—with the drunkard and not the drunkard-maker. And

so the wise men of the French Assembly have passed a law to fine and imprison the poor wretches who drink to intoxication five francs for the first offence; and to give them from thirty to sixty days' imprisonment for the second, and for any further offence three years' imprisonment! They will require pretty large prisons for their accommodation, if the testimony of M. Testelin, a surgeon, given before the Assembly, is to be believed. He declared "that the Breton soldiers, considered the pick of all Frenchmen reared in southern 'light-wine' districts, would drink till they every one fell under the table. He could count in his own department of France, 1,500 people just as beastly as these soldiers. Would imprisonment mend these? He answered, no. There is but one way, he said, to try and suppress the intemperance of France. The Academy of Medicine had said so also. The way was this: try and get temperance societies established in our midst, and all over France, or found hospitals to cure the vice."

So much for the temperance influence of light wines. The cultivation of the grape in this country for wine-making will prove a curse to the people, and not a blessing. It has already done so in California.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN HEAVEN AND HELL.

The Nation, published in Boston, puts this striking sentence at the head of its editorial columns: "The Battle of the Library, the School and the Church, against Intemperance, is the most visible part of the war between Heaven and Hell."

If this be so, it is time all Christian men were girding on their armor, and taking part in the struggle. There can be no question of the fact, that the liquor traffic is one of the organized forces of hell upon the earth, for it does not work in the interests of social order or humanity, but against them—hunting and destroying whatever it touches.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We present our readers this month with four full-page illustrations. In "*The Lovers*," we have one of those pleasant transcripts from life that artists sketch for us now and then, in their happiest moods. It tells its own sweet story. "*The Ladder of Tyre*," is a remarkably fine picture, and presents an aspect of nature at once wild and grand. It is from a recent drawing made on the spot, by an American traveller. In another column is given a description of the place, with its historic associations. "*Sponge Fishing*," with the accompanying account of the manner in which sponges are taken, will be found highly interesting. The picture, entitled "*Even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings*," and the suggestive article with the same title will arrest the attention of thoughtful and religious minds.

LADDER OF TYRE.

(See Engraving.)

South of the Leontes River, now called Kasimiyeh, extending eight miles north and south, by about twenty east and west, there is an elevated district, rising to a height of several hundred feet above the sea, dotted all over with ruined villages and castles, where may be seen thousands of columns, sarcophagi, tombs, and other relics of the past; evidences of a very dense population at some former time. The sea wall of this section, south of Tyre, is called "The Ladder of Tyre," from the road which is as steep and narrow as a ladder, cut in the face of the steep rock, for more than a mile the only road near the sea between Acre and Tyre. The way is at such a dizzy height above the water, that it makes the head swim to look down, as you creep along the well-worn stones. There are three distinct promontories, the Ladder, the Head Nakura, and the Head Musheisfeh. The Ladder really begins at El Humra, where there has been a castle protecting the pass, now in ruins, with piles of stone of various kinds of work, it may be of the several people who have ruled in Syria since Alexander's time, and even before. There is an account of some repairs to this road and pass in the book of William, of Tyre, A. D. 1116, by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem.

There are several picturesque caves and grottoes in the sea wall along this coast, with no landings near, and high cliffs above, requiring a boat and ladders for visiting them, and, moreover, a calm day.

The rock of this cape is a sort of composite of shell and hard rock, forming a very solid pudding stone, nearly white. Where there are crevices or little ledges holding a bit of soil, the rock is covered with vines and wild flowers, frequented by swarms of bees, covies, and flocks of birds. The geologist will be interested in the beautiful geodes which may be picked up on the top of the cliffs in great quantities, from an ounce weight to a hundred pounds, as well as fossils of ammonites, ichnites, and fish.

The sea about here is most dangerous of approach, and the submerged reefs, reaching out in every direction, render the waters troubled when the sea is otherwise calm.

After a gale, when the clouds break and expose the rising peaks in all their magnificence, then the deep shadows bring out in bold lines the terraced inclined cutting on the rocks which is called the Ladder of Tyre.

AN old subscriber to the "Home" writes:

"DEAR OLD 'ARTHUR'—I am going to spend two cents to tell you that I bless you every month; yes, and oftener too.

"I do enjoy the 'Home' so much, and I am not stingy with it; beside taking one for a poor friend, I spend two cents every month to send mine to a sick girl in the country.

"There are so many wayside helps for those trying to battle through life. How much good they do me. I am always a better woman after reading it.

"And dear Pip, tell her for me she is doing good, and I have lots of good things to tell her how to make. Cheap and good, like my mother used to make. Don't you remember the turnover pies? Or were you not blessed with a good mother? I think you were. Why, I told my husband that before I would go without the 'Home' I would go without a new bonnet. Just think of that! Do not think I am not human, for I am very human, and know I am better looking in a bonnet than women generally are. I don't mean the top-knot bonnet; but those pretty cottages.

"Hoping this will be acceptable, I remain an
"OLD SUBSCRIBER."

OLIVE LOGAN'S NEW BOOK.

Olive Logan has just published a book entitled "Get thee behind me, Satan!" directed professedly against the doctrines of "free-love," enunciated by certain New York reformers (!), but in which she expresses her opinions on various subjects, according as the whim of the moment leads her. The book is written in a slipshod style, without plan or arrangement of any sort; nevertheless, there is much that is really good in it, and no one will regret the time spent in its perusal.

She writes as follows concerning marriage:

"The only freedom love knows is the freedom of marriage. It is common in these degenerate days to speak contemptuously of the bonds of marriage. By the way, that is a law term, is it not?—the bonds of matrimony! Rather let us have a higher-law term for this blessed thing. The emancipation of matrimony. That is a truer phrase. So much happiness, so much freedom, with so much innocence! The hearts which yesterday could not mingle without sin, to-day mingle freely and with God's blessing."

She utters the following very sensible protest against the constant charge of frivolity and extravagance in the present fashions of women's dresses:

"Here comes Rebecca. Let us see in what way reform could go to work at her costume. She is dressed in the freshest of half-mourning suits; the underskirt just clears the ground all around, and is quite plain; the overskirt is gracefully raised on the sides, and the folds thus made are fixed in place by dainty rosettes of the same material; the waist is fastened with buttons up the front, and is so loose that as she heaves a deep, life-giving breath, Rebecca declares that it 'don't touch her anywhere.' A dainty frill or ruff of snowy tulle encircles her throat. Her dark hair, with just a few threads of gray in it, is rolled over two hair-pads, which make a fine back-head, as the artists call it. Across her brow a coronet braid is laid, and is vastly becoming. This false hair is one of the things you rail against; but dear Rebecca is one of the staidest and soberest of women, and she approves of these little adjuncts."

"Do you urge that this costume of Rebecca's may be pretty, but it is expensive? It is a common black-and-white calico. There is no cheaper wear for women. * * The neck-ruff was made by Rebecca herself in ten minutes' time. For fifty cents she bought enough tulle to carpet our back yard. * * She will wear that calico dress this summer without washing—next summer with frequent washings—and the next summer—well, it will not be wasted, be sure of that. * * And, remember, that during this summer, at least, and if it does not get too much faded the next also, she will put on that dress, and with a neat black bonnet and a pair of black gloves and her black parasol, she will 'walk dat Broadway down' without the least compunction—proving once more, and in spite of all evil, that this is the age of true freedom in dress, when Rebecca's black calico may pass muster perfectly well on the gayest street in the world, and excite not the least sneer or other comment, though it jostle silks and grenadines innumerable on the way. * * * * *

"But the railing against dress still goes on; it is a never-ceasing source of complaint. * * *

"Just see how lovely Lucretia Mott dresses!" said a dress-reform woman of past fifty to a peaches-and-creamy girl of eighteen in my presence. "She dresses sensible. Why don't you dress like her?"

"The idea of the mob-cap and poke-bonnet of Lucretia Mott—a semi-angelic Quakeress of seventy years of age—on the head of this rosy, springy, merry, light-hearted girl of eighteen. * * was so ludicrous that both the girl and I laughed.

"Oh, all the world knows how frivolous you be in regard to dress, Olive Logan," said the elder lady, tartly."

CHOOSING A WIFE.

A writer in the "*Science of Health*," Mr. Wells's new monthly, gives this sensible bit of advice to young gentlemen: "Don't admire a girl with consumptive tendencies and bilious attacks; let them know that men in this busy age need healthy wives, and that nineteen women out of every twenty can be healthy if they will. When you choose a wife take a well one, instead of a walking drug-store, that had to be finished off by a dress-maker to make her even look like a woman. Rest assured, that if it were a disgrace to be sick, and men sought only healthy wives, the race would greatly improve in the next generation; for women would study anatomy instead of fashion-plates, and hygiene instead of French; they would practice common-sense instead of ball-room ethics, and patronize horticulture instead of embroidery."

BOOKS BY MAIL.

ORANGE BLOSSOMS, FRESH AND FADED, by T. S. Arthur, \$2.50.

THREE YEARS IN A MAN-TRAP, by the author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," \$2.00.

TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR-ROOM, \$1.25.

For \$4.00 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and "Three Years in a Man-Trap."

For \$3.00 we will send "Three Years" and "Ten Nights."

For \$3.25 we will send "Orange Blossoms" and "Ten Nights."

For \$5.00 we will send all three of these books.